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By the men . . for the men in the service

WOMEN NOW IN ARMY

See Page 2

WAR IN ALASKA. *U. S. Marines calmly man their posts in the trenches at Dutch Harbor following Japanese air attack. Fuel tanks afire in background were hit by Jap bombers.*

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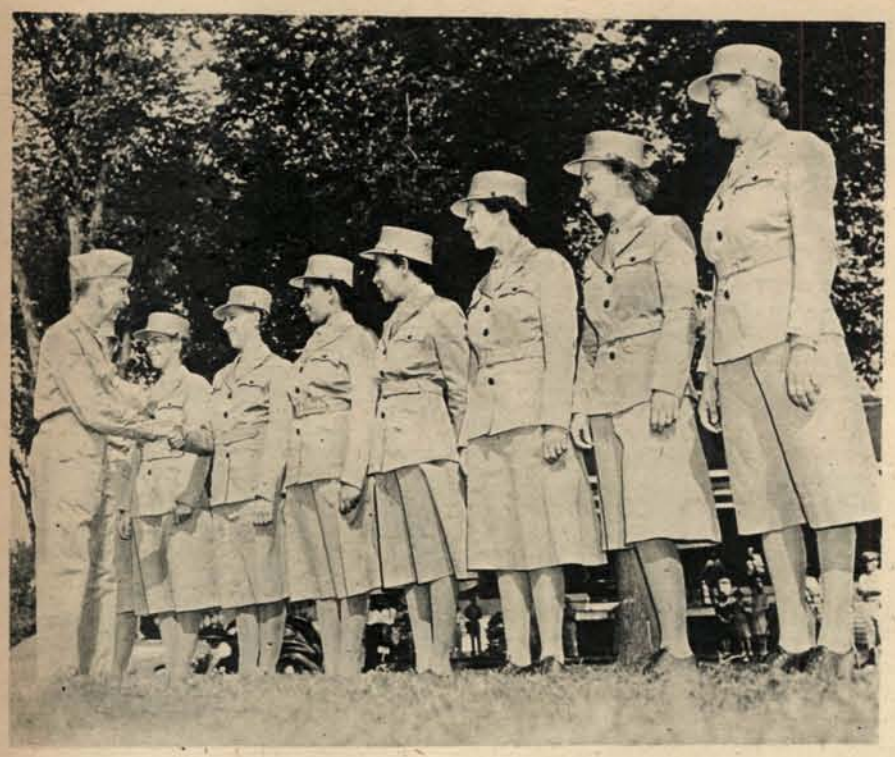

HOW DOES IT FIT?—Col. Don Faith, commander of the WAAC training school, welcomes the first group of women ever to wear uniforms of U. S. Army soldiers.

Our Army in Skirts Begins To Train As You and You Did

FORT DES MOINES, Ia.—The first women soldiers in the history of the U. S., eight hundred Women's Auxiliary Army Corps recruits (including 440 officers and 350 Auxiliaries or Privates) are in training here, rolling out for reveille every morning at 5:45, lining up at the dispensary for shots, taking close order drill and lectures and more close order drill, eating G.I. food.

The trays in the foot lockers, lined up along the barracks floors, are filled with nail polish, metal curlers, powder, bobby pins and vanishing cream.

Instead of the old G.I. barber shop, there's a beauty parlor with a staff of 20 hair-dressers and manicurists.

The magazine racks in the day room have the latest issues of Vogue and Harper's Bazaar in place of the familiar Western and Detective Stories.

Bras Are T.B.A.

And as for the supply room—

Well, T.B.A. for individuals in this Army outfit includes three brassieres; three slips; two girdles; panties, rayon and panties, wool; four shields, dress; skirt, gabardine; skirt, khaki; skirt, wool, dark O.D.; skirt, wool, light O.D.; five shirtwaists, cotton; four stockings, cotton; four stockings, rayon; apron; bathrobe, cotton; pajama, cotton, and pajama, flannelette.

But the WAAC equipment also includes one suit, working; one can, meat; one canteen; one cover, canteen; two bags, barracks; one cup, one fork, one spoon, one knife, one first aid packet; one helmet, steel, and one belt, pistol.

The one belt, pistol, probably won't be worn much because the WAACS don't plan to carry firearms. But it's on their list of equipment, just in case.

May Be 75,000

The class of 800 women in training here are the first batch of the 7,000 WAACS that the War Department expects to have in the Army by next Dec. 7, the first anniversary of Pearl Harbor. But there may be more than that. Congresswoman Edith Nourse Rogers, sponsor of the original Women's Auxiliary Army Corps bill, says that an executive order authorizing 75,000 women in uniform as soon as possible awaits President Roosevelt's signature.

This opening group of feminine soldiers represents an accurate cross section of American women. Six of the first 59 were colored. There were blondes, brunettes, redhaired and a few frankly grey.

A couple of typical WAACS are Mrs. Joan Marshall, an attractive, tall blonde of 34 who used to be in the beauty parlor business back in Superior, Mont., and Miss Elizabeth Johnston, 33, a high school teacher from Union, W. Va. There were also two sisters among the early arrivals—Edith and Lillian Toffaletti of Tampa, Fla.

Women Are People

Mrs. Oveta Culp Hobby, the pretty Texan leader of the WAACS, rushed from her office in Washington to look things over. She was wearing a uniform with silver eagles but her rank of director corresponds to that of an Army major.

The man in charge of the training and care and feeding of these new women soldiers is Col. Don C. Faith, a nice guy who describes himself as "a 90 day wonder from the last war."

Drilling, long hours and the lack of privacy, and army chow (not much like the usual tuna fish salad sandwich and milk shake luncheon) are bound to be a big change for the girls but Faith is not worrying about psychological readjustments or breakdowns.

"I believe women are people," he says.

And then he added, thoughtfully, "You know, I wouldn't be the least bit surprised if women turned out to have more endurance over the long haul than men."

No Tea Party

Faith has faith in his women's auxiliary. "This isn't a jamboree, a crusade or a feminist movement," he explains. "The WAAC is a military project. I am completely sold on the Women's Auxiliary Army Corps because we're going to require a big army in this war.

"Large numbers of soldiers are doing non-tactical organization work in the United States that has to be done by uniformed personnel. If we can provide trained, uniformed women to replace able-bodied soldiers in these jobs, we can release one potential source of manpower for the prosecution of the war."

By that he means more men on the firing line.

The girls didn't have much trouble adjusting themselves at Fort Des Moines. They arrived in trucks and marched to the barracks in double file, grinning a little foolishly. But so does any G.I. on his first day in the Army.

"No, ladies," said the sergeant patiently. "Don't put them dainty civilian dresses in the foot lockers—yes, foot lockers, not trunks. Hang 'em in the wall lockers. And hang 'em neat, too."

The girls will be allowed to keep civilian clothes and wear them in town or on leave. When in uniform, they will salute male officers. And male enlisted men will salute WAAC officers, too.

Their pay is $21 for the first four months and $30 thereafter, just what we used to get. But Congresswoman Rogers, mother of the WAACS, is trying to get them raised to regular army wage scale.

No, Mabel, This Army Has No Window Shades

FORT DES MOINES—When the first shipment of women arrived here to start their WAAC training course, Fort Des Moines discovered that its barracks, like all army barracks, had no shades on the windows. There weren't any on the post, either, because the army never bothered about privacy before.

Embarrassed officers had the ladies' windows covered with sapolio while they figured out the problem.

HANG 'EM NEATLY—Unlike other G.I.'s, the WAACS can keep civvies and wear them on furloughs or week end passes. Mildred Van Horn of East Cleveland, Ohio, arranges her dresses in wall locker.

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WAACS GET SHOT, TOO—Gladys Marson arrives at Fort Des Moines to start training and they rush her right to the dispensary for the old familiar typhoid shot.

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Japs Acting Tough in Alaska

JAPS ATTACK ALASKA—Most of the enemy bombs at Dutch Harbor, above, fell into water harmlessly but one hit the S.S. Northwestern, below, and set it on fire. Superstructure and plate buckled under heat.

And We Get Tough Right Back, Cripple 7 Warships, Sink 3 More

The Japs are getting serious about their intentions in the Aleutian Islands.

Latest U. S. Navy communiques covering action in the string of islands stretching from Alaska across the north Pacific almost to Asia reveal that the enemy has dug in at Attu, Kiska and Agattu.

PBY Catalina flying boats, Army Fortresses, B-24 Liberators and U. S. subs have simultaneously succeeded in making life pretty uncomfortable for the invaders.

Japs Start Invasion

Arriving off the Aleutians in two small carriers, two seaplane tenders, several cruisers and destroyers and from four to six transports, the Japs began their invasion at 6 A. M. on June 3. They were covered by 15 bombers which struck at Dutch Harbor and Fort Mears, on Unalaska Island, and next day repeated the attack with 18 escorted bombers.

The Catalinas bore the brunt of attack and warded the Japs off from Dutch Harbor during the first few days. Big and slow, they took a terrific pounding from Jap anti-aircraft and Jap fighting planes, but in return they gave the Jap landing parties plenty.

Our losses during those first few days were admittedly heavy. Some of our planes flew out into the fog, never to return. One was machine-gunned on the water by a Zero. One ran into a formation of Zeros and went down in flames.

Another stayed out in the fog until he discovered a carrier, then stuck around until the ack-ack shot away his rudder. During the first 48 hours of the fight the Catalinas came down only when out of fuel or too shot up to continue.

Battle Moves West

The battle then moved westward, the Japs landing on uninhabited Attu and Kiska. On June 10 a reinforced U. S. air fleet began a systematic pounding of enemy concentrations. It roared over mile-high Kiska to swoop down over the harbor at 1,800 feet. One bomber was hit, but in return a heavy Jap cruiser was left in flames.

By mid-July the Navy could announce that U. S. planes and subs had sunk three Jap destroyers and one transport and had damaged four cruisers, three destroyers, one gunboat and a transport.

More recently the score was upped when our submarines hit and sank three more destroyers. But the Japs are still in the Islands.

Army Builds New Air-Borne Attack

WASHINGTON — Calling for glider pilot volunteers, Lieut. Gen. Henry H. Arnold, chief of Army Air Forces, says that the U. S. is building a hard-hitting air-commando force "that will exceed anything of the kind the world has yet seen."

The American air commandos, Arnold said, will include parachute troops, glider and transport plane-borne forces, trained to strike the enemy where he least expects it.

The Air Force chief also revealed that the air-borne guerrillas will be able to withdraw safely when their mission is accomplished. He didn't say how, but added that Army planes in flight have successfully picked gliders off the ground.

The air-commandos, officially designated as the "Troop Carrier Command," have established a headquarters at Stout Field, Ind., under Col. Fred S. Borum. But don't expect immediate results from them.

"This air-borne attack creation calls for a stupendous effort," Arnold explains. "The time when it will attain its full power is still a long way off."

There's more details about the parachute end of this air-borne stuff on pages 8 and 9.

America Announces 44,143 Casualties

WASHINGTON—The Office of War Information has announced the first official list of casualties suffered by the American armed forces as 44,143, adding that most of the number listed were participants in the Philippine debacle. Majority of those listed as missing are believed to be prisoners of the Japanese.

The totals released do not include the heavy casualties among the Philippine Commonwealth army nor the men definitely known to be prisoners of war. They are divided among three branches of service as follows:

Army—902 killed; 1,413 wounded; 17,452 missing.
Navy—3,420 killed; 1,051 wounded; 7,672 missing.
Philippine Scouts—479 killed; 754 wounded; 11,000 missing.

Here's a Sarge As You Like 'Em—Talks Big, and Then Backs It Up

By Sgt. Robert Loftus

CAMP SHELBY, Miss.—Roy More, the 53-year-old mess sergeant, was always boasting about his bald head. It was as shiny as a billiard ball and he claimed it was just as hard.

"Even lightning couldn't hurt my head," he had remarked more than once to his skeptical buddies of Company A, 727th Railway Engineer battalion.

Last week his awe-struck buddies were no longer skeptical, for the veteran mess sergeant literally backed up his boast—or rather a bolt of lightning did it for him.

During a violent electrical storm, Sergeant More was working near an open window in his company mess hall. He stooped over to pick something up. But he never completed the action. There was a blinding flash and an ear-splitting roar. More dropped unconscious to the floor. He had been struck squarely on the head by lightning.

His dazed and startled cooks put through a rush call to the dispensary. Not that they believed the dispensary could do More much good. For when a guy gets smacked in the head by lightning, all he needs are the services of a good undertaker, so they reasoned.

But they reasoned wrong. Revived by emergency first aid treatment, More demanded in a truculent but dazed voice, "Who the hell hit me with that 'two by four'?"

Although his only apparent injury was a burned spot on his head, about the size of a half dollar, the dispensary shipped him off to the base hospital where authorities reported cheerfully that he was doing fine and would be released for return to duty the following day.

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"We're pretty damn proud that we're doing a tough job well."

Yank Puts the Finger on Japs But Doesn't Get It Back Again

MELBOURNE — There is one U. S. Army Air Force corporal who is going to have himself a few Nips. He is Corp. Louis Murphy from Bridgeport, Conn., and he has a right to be mad.

Corporal Murphy is recovering from a two-day swim, and an 18-day hike across the jungles—and one finger is missing—all a result of an attack by Jap Zeros. The other members of his crew apparently were all killed.

As Cpl. Murphy told it to the Associated Press:

"Our bomber had been attacking Lae, New Guinea, when an overwhelming force of Jap Zeros attacked and shot us down.

"The Zeros began machine gunning us, so we separated. Seeing that we were likely to be in the water some time, I got rid of my clothing. Every time the Zeros made a pass at us I dived as deep as possible and remained under until my lungs nearly burst.

"Felt sometimes," he said, "like my lungs were going to pop. Felt like every cigaret I ever smoked, including cornsilk as a kid, was coming back on me."

The Zeros were determined and nasty. One came down within 100 feet and then let go a burst of machine gun bullets at the men in the water.

"That's when my finger was knocked off," Corporal Murphy said.

"Finally," he said, "the Zeros flew away. I struck out for shore but couldn't make any headway against the current. My buddies were disappearing out to sea. . . ."

The night was truly nightmarish. Corporal Murphy saw strange—but non-existent — sights in the dark. Once, while doggedly swimming, he dreamed he was back aboard the bomber, bouncing in a terrible storm.

"Next morning I was closer to shore, being carried by a current parallel to the beach."

But during the day he began to suffer from terrific thirst. There was some rainfall, and he opened his mouth trying to catch raindrops. Forty-two hours after his bomber had been shot down he staggered onto the beach. He found coconuts, in true castaway style, and drank milk from them. Then he started walking, through 80 miles of the wildest country in the southeastern Pacific, and after seven days of this—he met seven survivors of another plane crash. They were carrying their wounded pilot on a litter.

"I want to get me some Nips," he said. "And the worst thing—you know, I hiked those 80 miles naked and shoeless."

G. I. Saint Patricks Give Jungle Snakes Bum's Rush

YANK Special Correspondence

SOMEWHERE IN THE CARIBBEAN — From word that filters back to us down here, people in the States must think we're a bunch of Jungle Jims, bolos in hand, fighting "desperately against the tightening coils of a deadly python."

That stuff's strictly from nuthin'.

With a last, loving scratch at my heat rash, let me settle down to a little de-bunking.

We have our troubles—sure—but they're not all that bad. We're an old infantry outfit tagged with the nickname "Jungleers," and we're pretty damn' proud that we're doing a tough job well; but deliver us from the word "heroic."

Snakes, insects and strange people we've got aplenty, but life with us in the jungles isn't exactly like last week's thrilling episode of "The Perils of Pauline."

Snakes Evacuated

Take the matter of snakes. You can hike through the jungles day in and day out and never see one, not even a little one. They have all long since been killed or convinced that peace for them meant immediate evacuation. Sloths and iguanas are common, but absolutely harmless.

Malaria-bearing mosquitos? Yeah, they're here, but we have netting. During the day they don't bother you and at night they're still very, very shy.

Scorpions? Just be sure to shake out your shoes every morning and watch where you put your hands when you unfold a tent or barrage balloon.

Poisonous plants? We got 'em. All you have to do is just be careful not to eat any of the pretty fruit you find unless you know what it is for certain. Also be careful what you let touch your bare skin. Don't grab a bamboo pole without watching out for the nettles, but you have to be told about that only once

Green Whiskers

The average jungle soldier, when cornered, will admit that his greatest need for courage has to do with water—and not the kind we drink. It's the green whiskers his shoes get every night, the mildew on his clothes, the itching rashes that break out in his crotch, under his arms, all over.

The rash is a form of rot resulting from not being dry for a long time. Medicos rub on Whitfield's ointment and it clears up right away . . . but comes right back.

It's a shame to admit this to folks who've seen a movie—but a good many of us don't live out in the jungle. And none who live in the jungle stay there all the time; a third of the time, at most, would be about right.

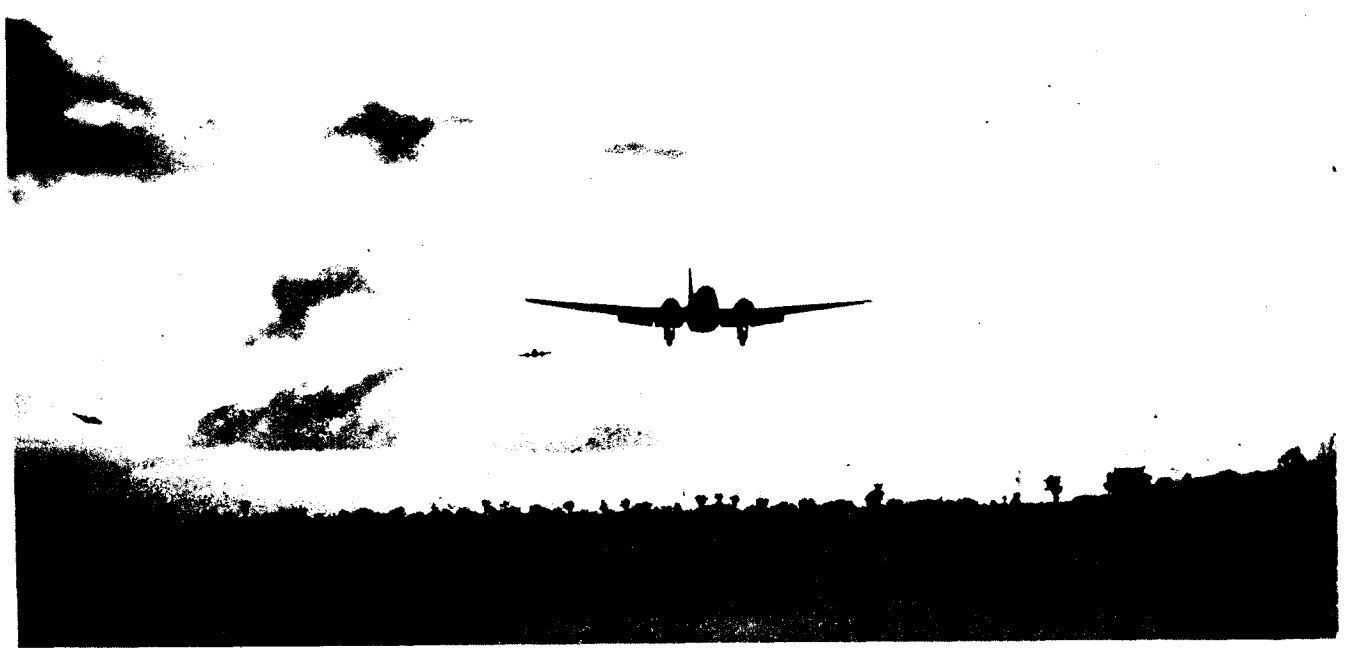
"We have our troubles . . ."

Summer Resort

Lots of us (this'll kill you) live in modern cement and steel barracks with every modern convenience. We may have lizards on our lawns, mildew on our shoes, and rashes on our bodies, but to tell you the truth, our climate is about the same as you'd find at the ritziest winter vacation spots.

Training in jungle warfare is about as tough as it sounds. Sweating in camouflaged entrenchments, wading streams, walking with a wad of close-mesh netting over your mush, trying to keep clothes or equipment serviceable in tropical conditions—all this stuff isn't what you'd call the life of Riley.

Jungle soldiers, jungleers, and jungle mudders (all one breed) want no gilding of the lily.



DAWN PATROL. "Somewhere in the Caribbean," U. S. Army bombers soar away on a sub hunt.

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Nazi Mechanical Skeletons in Libya

Axis Non-Mechanized Prisoners in Libya

Japs Over New Guinea Bomb Port Moresby

Reports from a World at War

About a Russian Sgt. York, 125 dead mules, jungle prowlers, a hero's end, Harlem-in-the-Pacific, a musical fire-fighter, Yankee gallantry and "ultra-Aryans"

AUSSIES who rejoined Britain's Eighth Army shortly after it had stalled Rommel's drive in the Western Desert made the Axis time-out a harried one. They crept through enemy lines at night, dynamited vaunted 88-mm guns and tanks, tossed grenades at tractors and machine guns, killed anybody who tried to stop them and rounded up a few prisoners on each raid. Then, accompanied by British tanks, they captured two vital ridges on the 40-mile front. Crafty Rommel had pulled out most of his crack Afrika Korps and had put Italians all along the front while his Nazi legions rested. When the Italians found Aussies were raiding them, they surrendered in droves. One Aussie non-com swapped two packages of cigarettes for a row of medals from the chest of a captured Italian colonel. Then he spied a man in an unfamiliar uniform mingling with the prisoners. "Hey," he yelled, "how would you like to deal for that star on your shoulder?" He received this startling reply: "Sorry, I need it. I'm on your side." The wearer was an American brigadier general on observation duty.

ONE HUNDRED "ultra-Aryans" aren't strong enough or men enough to guard Vidkun Quisling, puppet head of Norway, the Nazis decided. They dismissed some of the special guard for men of a more "tall, blond Germanic type" and doubled the guard to 200 men.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH has a gallant and much more practical successor in Maj.-Gen. Carl Spaatz, commander of U. S. Army Air Forces in Europe. Sir Walter, 360 years ago, threw his coat on a mud-puddle for Queen Elizabeth to step on. When the present Queen Elizabeth visited the American Air Forces, it began to rain. General Spaatz shed his coat and placed it over the Queen's shoulders with the remark: "Your Majesty, this makes you a major general of the American Air Forces."

WILD ANIMALS are so tame they are a big bother at African airports to U. S. airmen flying bombers to the Middle East, according to Maj. Thomas L. Dawson of the Army Air Force. A 250-pound lion cub scampers up and slugs flyers at one field, insisting on a playful little boxing bout. A full-grown giraffe stalks around another airfield. A herd of elephants insists on walking out on one runway just as bombers come in to land. The planes have to circle around until the big beasts amble off. Deer are at tame as goats.

FURIOUS FIGHTING raged along the broad, green lowlands near the River Don as Sgt. Shevchuk, a Ukrainian whose hometown had undergone Nazi rule for a half year, waited in a trench. He held in his hands a large calibre armor-piercing anti-tank rifle, a weapon he knew to be most effective at 150 to 200 yards. Three Nazi tanks rattled toward his outpost. He held his fire until the first came within 100 yards. Then he fired a bull's-eye into the gas tank and the tank went up in flames. Into the second tank Shevchuk poured three bullets—two into the turret, another at the driver. That tank reeled over into a ditch. The third tank was upon him before he could take aim. He ducked as the tank rolled back and forth across the trench, trying to squash him. The trench, however, was well-constructed and too deep, and finally the Germans rumbled on. Shevchuk then fired into the back of the turret and set that tank on fire. As the Nazi tankmen clambered out of their flaming vehicle, Shevchuk shot them down one by one.

IF THE JAPS want to repeat their little "bolt-from-the-blue" act of Dec. 7 at Pearl Harbor, there's a welcoming committee from Harlem on hand to give them a warmer reception than they enjoyed last winter. The committee is a contingent of Negro anti-aircraftsmen who shoot so well that one battery commander asked his men not to wreck their sleeve target so speedily, but "just sort of knock off the edges gradually." If Jap bombers come over, however, he's given the men permission to forget the "gradual" stuff. The Negro gunners call themselves the "Pineapple Army." In their ranks are former members of Cab Calloway's and Duke Ellington's bands who have formed a full symphonic band, a military band, a hot swing band and a "junior jive" orchestra that tour other military posts.

A TORTUROUS TRIP of 62 days of steady plodding through 430 miles of malaria-ridden, bandit-infested mountain country ended when a strange party of white men staggered into Kumning, China. The party had escaped from Thailand a few hours ahead of the Japs. It was composed of two American missionaries, 90 British jungle fighters and 130 mules. About half of the men were stricken with malaria, the other half with dysentery. Before the party reached Kumning, one man had died, six had to be carried on stretchers during the last few weeks and 125 of the 130 mules had died of starvation or exhaustion.

Junior and His Sled

Today—the 29th of July—is Benito Mussolini's birthday, and in Italy, if not in YANK, it's a hush-hush matter. Il Duce won't let Italian newspapers or radios even whisper that he's now 59 and going on 60. In fact, judging from the pictures he's allowed to be taken of himself during the last few years, he'd like to kid the world into believing he's getting younger every day. He's posed astride furious looking steeds, as an expert skier, as an airplane pilot, as a hurdler of bayonet-studded barrels and as a vigorous executor of the "paso romano," Rome's version of the German goose-step. Woe be to the Italian editor who prints a picture showing Musso with a few wrinkles. One tried it a few years ago and is now in a Fascist clink. Il Duce holds the present world record for war-making. Since 1935 he's kept his normally peace-loving people continually at war, whether it be in Ethiopia, Spain, Albania, France, Greece, Libya or Russia.

AN 80-MINUTE SYMPHONY by a fire-fighting Russian from Leningrad, performed for the first time in the U. S. by Arturo Toscanini and the NBC orchestra, was acclaimed as the first major artistic success of World War II. It was the seventh symphony of Dmitri Shostakovitch, written between spells of battling incendiary bombers in the besieged city. When the war broke Shostakovitch tried to enlist in the army, but the Soviet government suggested he'd be of more use writing music. It took him about a year to compose this monument to the spirit of the Russian people which covers 252 pages and requires an orchestra of 110 musicians to play. The score was recorded on microfilm in Russia, then was flown to New York via Teheran, Cairo, West African ports, Brazil, Trinidad and Florida. The symphony's first movement heralds the approach of the Nazi Army and the clash with the Red Army. The work ends with a mighty song of victory, signifying the triumph of the freedom-loving nations over Hitlerism.

PADDY FINUCANE never climbed into a cockpit until after Dunkirk, but he's crowded a lot of air fighting into these last two years. The pink-faced 21-year-old Irishman has roared out in his Spitfire to flirt with death and gain glory—such glory as the Distinguished Service Order, the Distinguished Flying Cross with two bars, a tie for Britain's top-scoring honors and promotion to youngest wing commander in the R.A.F. (equal to a U.S. lieutenant colonel). Recently the R.A.F. began mass attacks on vital U-boat bases, coast defenses and war industries. Paddy begged for and got command of one of these attacks. He led his Spitfires across the Channel in the largest mass fighter attack yet carried out against enemy targets in occupied France. As Paddy's ship swept across the French coast, a Nazi machine gun stuttered and a "million-to-one" shot drilled the radiator on Paddy's plane. Disregarding the hit, Paddy directed the highly successful attack. Finally, just as the planes started back, Paddy's overheated engine sent his Spitfire faltering toward the Channel. He yelled "This is it, chaps" over his interplane radio, pancaked heavily into the Channel. He and his Spitfire sank in a streak of oil.

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Geography lessons come fast for that world-wide traveler, the American soldier. In a crucial summer of showdowns, he follows events in ancient, turbulent—

India

Nothing so characterizes India as its teeming crowds. Baggy pants and dangling turbans identify this crowd as predominantly Moslem. In the background, near the loud-speakers, is the lean figure of Mahatma Gandhi, India's great religious-political figure who now demands quick, full Indian independence.

IN THE struggle of the Indian people for independence the U. S. has long been an interested, though necessarily aloof, spectator. Indian independence primarily concerned the Indian people and the British rulers of India.

With related crises developing this summer the world over, however, what goes on in India both interests and concerns the American soldier. What a few years ago was a purely political matter becomes, against the background of war, also a military problem.

"Invitation"

The Japanese are reinforcing their garrison in Burma, on the Indian frontier. They have seized the Andaman Islands, in the Bay of Bengal. They have bombed Indian cities. Jap submarines have sunk U. S. ships carrying war supplies to India and the Near East.

At such a moment India's nationalists, headed by the Mahatma Gandhi and Pandit Nehru, have chosen to strike for independence. They have "invited" the British to get out of the country and, by implication, give them until early August to leave. Otherwise they threaten "open rebellion" in the form of a "passive resistance" campaign. In essence passive resistance means a nation-wide general strike in which transportation is tied up, factories stopped, and industries closed, at the same time that bloodshed is scrupulously avoided.

Gen. Sir Archibald Wavell, Defender of India.

No Hindrance

Neither Gandhi nor Nehru can be accused of being pro-Axis. They even say that, once the British are out, they will not hinder a British-American defense of India, which is now in the trusted hands of the brilliant General Sir Archibald Wavell. Britain long ago declared in principle for Indian independence, but the question of how to give that independence is complicated by perplexing minority problems.

Whatever the merits of the political case, the U. S. soldier is inevitably involved. Some American troops are already in India. An American Air Force unit is in China, dependent on supplies shipped through India. Any tie-up of railroads or communications in India would affect them.

Success of any attempted conquest of India would mean not only the loss of her tremendous wealth, but also the severing of our own vital lifeline of supply. Through her, the Axis might easily complete a bridge of armies across Europe and Asia.

Bright Jewel

Beyond that, the fabulously rich and populous sub-continent of India, long called the brightest jewel in the British Crown, would be a glittering prize of incalculable value for our Axis enemies to conquer. To lose India's great agricultural wealth, to forfeit her ever-growing industrial output, to allow the enemy to harness and exploit her vast reservoir of manpower—all this would constitute a staggering blow to the cause of the United Nations.

BY THEIR HEAD-DRESS YOU SHALL KNOW THEM

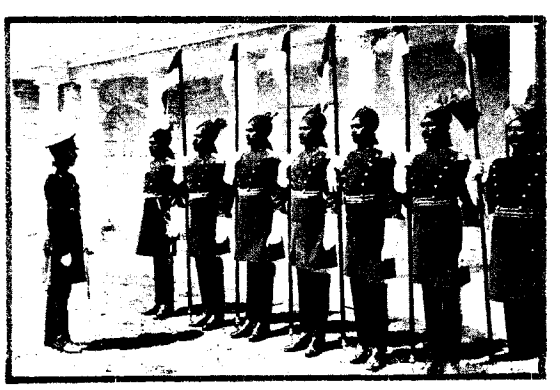
Brother soldiers in India include men of different races and religions who can be told apart mainly by what they've got on their heads. In battle, of course, they can cast turbans aside for steel helmets.

PATHANS come from India's wild northwest, are noted in civilian life for quick tempers, make fierce soldiers. Basic pay for Indian Army private (called Sepoy): $4.80 a month plus keep. Sergeants (Havildars) get $9.60 a month up.

This **PUNJABI MOSLEM** is a motor transport driver. The Punjab, in central northwest India, is the great recruiting area for the Indian Army, which last year numbered more than 1,000,000 men. More than 200,000 were serving overseas.

HINDUS, making up almost three-fourths of the Indian population, contribute 53% of the manpower of the Indian Army. This Hindu sapper is from Madras, in India's deep South, where there are also several million converts to Christianity.

SIKHS number less than 6,000,000, but contribute a disproportionate number of big, strong, bearded men to the Army. Fighting Sikhs wear long hair, short trousers, a dagger and a comb. The Sikh religion is an offshoot of Hinduism.



VICEROY'S BODYGUARD is selected from the finest cavalry units in the Indian Army. They wear a dress uniform with scarlet frock coat, jack-boots, gold girdle and blue turban with many-colored band. They carry red and white pennants identical with those of the Bengal Lancers. Like all soldiers in the Indian Army, they sign up for seven years' active service and then are in the reserves for eight more. In wartime, they're in for the duration. Cavalrymen get slightly higher pay than other soldiers.

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How They Say It in India

MAHATMA means great soul.
PANDIT—a Hindu scholar.
CHOTAHPEG—small Scotch and soda.
BURRAHPEG—big Scotch and soda.
RUPEE—cash for 30 U. S. cents.
ANNA—worth two cents or less.
LAKH—Indian for 100,000.
CRORE—Indian for 10,000,000.
YOGI—holy man.
DURBAR—big formal blow-out given by a prince or government.
SAHIB—means "sir." Pronounced "sob."
BEARER—Indian servant.
TOPEE—sun helmet.
KHADI—homespun, like "khadi cloth."
MAHOUT—elephant boy or man.

These Bombay working girls, like girls the world over, work for less pay than men. Tens of thousands of them work in the city's textile mills. They live in big government-run apartment houses. The red spots on their foreheads mean they're married.

Begging is a major occupation in India, and a favorite spot for beggars is outside a temple at the start of a religious service. The white cap and suit of the man in the center foreground identifies him as a Gandhi follower.

The People—Lepers to Princes

Every sixth person in this world is an Indian. Population is estimated at 389,000,000, of whom almost three-quarters are Hindus. Biggest racial and religious minority are the followers of Mohammed the Prophet, who are often at daggers' point with the Hindus. In India there are about 60,000,000 untouchables, some 200,000 Europeans, 110,000 followers of Zoroaster, untold numbers of beggars, about 1,000,000 lepers, 500,000 yogis interested in proving the superiority of mind over matter, 562 native princes and such opposite personalities as the fabulously wealthy Aga Khan and the meek Mahatma Gandhi. The Indian people speak twelve main languages and scores of lesser ones, hold giant political conventions, chew betel-nut as we chew gum and have even experimented with prohibition.

The Country—Tigers to Temples

India's diamond-shaped borders stretch 2,200 miles from east to west and 2,000 miles from north to south. In area, it's about two-thirds as big as the United States. Generally speaking, it's an awfully hot place, with May and October the hottest months of all. The government moves every summer from New Delhi to the hills to get away from the heat. Summers are marked by terrific monsoon winds and torrential rains. In India, you can see Bengal tigers, ultra-modern apartment houses, the Taj Mahal, the Ganges River, sacred cows that roam the countryside, air-conditioned trains, Mount Everest (highest in the world), barren deserts, lush green cricket fields, malaria-ridden jungles, huge steel factories, deadly cobras, temples for sacred monkeys and four gauges of railroad track.

What the Well-advised Yank in India Should Know

POLITICS

The U. S. soldier who finds himself in India would be well-advised to steer clear of the complicated, knotty subject of Indian independence. Tempers on both sides are likely to be high. Suffice it is to say that the question of Indian independence is not nearly the simple matter that U. S. independence was 166 years ago.

RELIGION

Religion is an intense, personal and often all-absorbing matter for Indians. Religious riots are frequent. Generally speaking, Hindus and Moslems do not mix socially, nor do the Hindus mix from caste to caste, although the caste system is gradually being broken down. The Moslems worship Allah through Mohammed the Prophet; the Hindus believe in many different gods. The cow is a revered animal to Hindus, and some Hindu sects also revere monkeys, goats and birds. Beware especially of brushing up against the famous "sacred cows" that roam the streets in some Indian cities. That's an easy way to cause a riot.

SIGHT-SEEING

So long as you don't interfere, the Indian will be quite willing to satisfy your curiosity about his religious habits. All the temples and most of the mosques can be visited. If you're interested, the widely different burial habits of the various religions can be witnessed. There are also architectural gems like the Taj Mahal, in Agra, and the fort in Delhi to visit, and the very cities themselves are interesting for their color. Horse racing in India is good and colorful and it is definitely on the up-and-up, albeit a bit expensive. One thing to remember is that India is not a cheap place and sight-seeing, like almost everything else, comes high.

HEALTH

By no stretch of the imagination can India be called a healthy place. Much has been done to reduce disease, but the country is still ridden with the plague, small pox, cholera, malaria, even leprosy. Venereal diseases are especially prevalent. In no place in India should water be drunk out of a faucet, and only the best-established restaurants and cafes should be patronized for either food or drink.

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Jumping

They Soon Find Out There's A Lot More to Paratrooping Than Floating in the Air. And Once They Reach the Ground There's More Work to be Done---in a Hurry, Soldier!

The jump master says, "Stand up."

You stand up, feeling the plane vibrate under you, and the jump master says, "Hook up."

You take the static line attached to your back chute and hook the catch onto the steel wire that runs the length of the plane along the ceiling. The other men do the same and you stand there silently, throat a little dry, hands cold and moist.

The jump master says, "Stand in the door."

The first man moves to the open door and gets in position. His hands are out on the sides of the door, left foot braced against the edge, right foot back. The rest of the men crowd behind him. There is a long moment. The hard ball in your stomach twists and grows heavier. Then the roar of the plane lessens and the plane slows up, pushing the men against one another.

The jump master says, "Go!"

The first man leaps, his body turning, whipped out of sight. Then men in front of you move quickly and disappear and suddenly you are at the door. You push hard against the plane, body turning. The earth blurs with the sky and the wind hits you in the face like a club and then comes the jerk under the arms and you are floating instead of falling, riding the air, your heart playing on your chest like a drum, the chute a wonderful white umbrella forty feet above you.

The plane is gone, but other men fill the sky, shouting to each other. Their voices are shrill and distant in the still air. You hang easily in the harness, swaying gently with the wind. The earth rises to meet you. It comes up fast and you pull down on the risers until you are almost motionless. Your toes touch the ground and you tumble to take off the shock, rising fast to collapse the chute. Then you slip out of harness, running toward the colored parachuted bundle which holds your equipment.

The easy part is over. Now, on the ground, you are an infantryman.

TWO years ago, when the United States Army decided to go in for parachute troops in a big way, they picked Fort Benning, Georgia, as the spot to train them. The climate and terrain there were good and The Infantry School was there, which made it better. Since parachute troops are infantry they were placed under the supervision of the school, who soon showed that our parachutists were going to be better-trained, better-equipped, and better-led than anybody else's parachutists.

They first asked for volunteers and selected a platoon of regular army men, most of whom came from the 29th Infantry, school demonstration troops. These men learned jumping the hard way. The two giant towers that now are an essential part of parachute training had not yet been built, so after learning how to pack a chute and how to fall gracefully, the boys went up and jumped. They jumped from all heights, finally settling on 1200 feet as the most dependable. They jumped free, meaning they pulled a ripcord. Finally they developed the automatic opening device they now use. This is simply a static line, or webbed cord, that attaches to a string on the pack cover, which in turn pulls out the chute and then is broken off. A free chute is carried in front, just for laughs.

The charter members became instructors after they finished their qualifying jumps. Volunteers began coming from all over the country to form the nucleus of a parachute battalion. The towers went into construction and a 6-week course was laid out for the jumpers. Foreign methods were studied and improved on. The Germans jump with their chutes attached to a point between the shoulder blades. This allows the jumper to carry something in his hands, but if he wants to steer the chute he had to flap his arms like wings and his chances of landing accurately aren't so good. We suspended our chutes from the shoulders, allowing a man to manipulate the lines of a chute to such a degree that a good jumper can now land on a dime. The Germans carry equipment down with them; we dropped the equipment along with the men in different colored bundles so the jumper could have his hands free to land where and how he desired. We improved safety devices until the casualty record of the parachute troops today makes a monkey even of the Law of Chance. We made parachute jumping safer than crossing a street against a traffic light.

The towers were built and battalions became regiments. The six-week course was whit-

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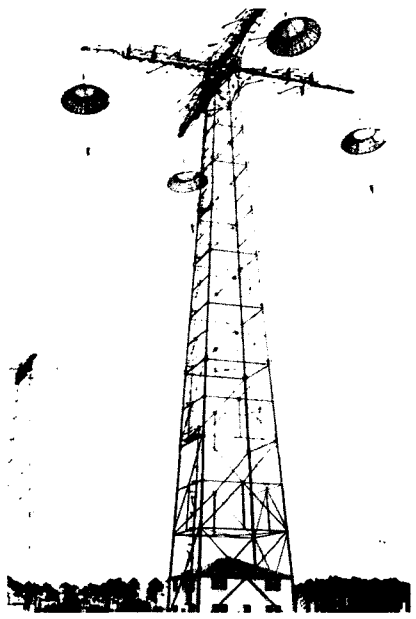
tled down to four weeks. The medical tests came in and the requirements for jumpers became definitive. Enlisted men between 18 and 32 may apply. Applicants may not be more than 72 inches tall, nor weigh more than 185 pounds. No man can qualify unless his distant vision is 20-40, uncorrected, or better. He must have good co-ordination, good feet, normal blood pressure, and guts.

The boys came from all over the country and went to work. The first week was easy; only five miles of double time opening day before they built to the hard stuff. Half of the men who fail drop out this first week. This is the week you learn what your body can take. You learn tumbling and boxing and jiujitsu; you run all day in the hot Georgia sun and when you think you're going to drop you run a little faster. They show you how to throw a guy weighing fifty pounds more than you, and then someone throws you. You climb ropes, somersault on a taut blanket, twist your body like an acrobat. At the end of the week you run through the "trainasium" (a network of steel bars, ladders, and ropes) that calls on every muscle you have. If the muscles answer, you go on to the next week.



Training on the free tower at Benning. The men are suspended ten feet from the top to check wind direction before being released for descent.

The second week they teach you how to rig a parachute. This is important, since you have only two chutes when you jump for fun and at least one of them should be in reasonably good working order. Also, you jump with the chute you pack yourself. During this week you get instruction in the theory of parachuting and the technique of parachute warfare and just what this business is all about. By the end of the week you're folding parachutes with your eyes closed, which is tricky but not generally recommended.

The third week is height training, and this is where gadgets first enter your life. The parachute school at Benning is full of mechanical devices which look as if they came from some medieval dungeon, and frequently act as if they did. There is a sliding runway which whirls you down in a harness and drops you on your face. There's a thirty-foot platform with a replica of a plane door on it. For this one you get into a harness and jump through the door into space. About ten feet from the ground you are caught by an intricate system of blocks and pulleys, which slide you comfortably to the ground. If you hesitate at all on the platform at the prospect of falling thirty feet on your head, you are politely shipped back to your original station.

Most of this week is devoted to tower training. There are two towers at Benning, each 250 feet high. One is controlled, meaning that you go up and down on wires. The other is free; you go up on a wire but come down by yourself. Training on the controlled tower consists of riding up and down in a harness until you get the feel of landing properly. They have one cute trick in this phase that weeds out a few of the trainees who have survived this far. They put you in the harness and haul you up two hundred feet—face down. Your body is parallel with the ground and there is a ripcord attached to the harness, just as it is on your emergency chute when you jump. You dangle there while an instructor below yells, "One, two, three—pull!" You pull the ripcord and fall absolutely free for twenty feet, until the slack of the wire catches you with the same jerk as an opening parachute. You are then lowered gently to the ground, held upright, and examined for symptoms of nervousness. If they find anything more serious than a natural inability to stand up, you are told to seek something more down to earth than the parachute troops.

A ride on the free tower is really a regular parachute jump. You are hauled up with chute already open and once you hit the top of the tower and start down, you're on your own. This is where you first see how good a jumper you're going to be. From 250 feet you come down fast, and everything you've learned comes in handy. You have to manipulate the risers so you swing away from the tower. You have to turn your body to land with the wind. You have to tumble to break the shock when you land; there are no prizes for landing on your feet. This is where the sprained ankles come in, where you spot the quick thinkers, and the guys who get knocked cold on a hard fall and go up for more. If you get past the towers all right, you're set. They'll let you jump.

The first jump is not the hardest. It has novelty and excitement and anticipation. It's around the fourth or fifth that the edge wears off and a few men refuse it. No man leaps completely free of fear; there is always the little sweat and the knot in the stomach. Some think that as they continue to jump their margin of safety diminishes and each try brings them closer to a bad one. This is nonsense, of course, but there are always men who refuse to jump simply because they cannot. They will charge a machine gun with their bare hands, but they will not jump out of a plane. It means nothing at all except that they are not parachute jumpers. No officer has ever refused to jump, and few enlisted men. If you refuse to jump before qualification you are simply sent back to your old outfit. If you refuse afterwards, you are court-martialed. The refusal of one man during an important action might mean the loss of a thousand.

The first jump is with one or two other men. After the fifth, you're qualified. The first time is usually early in the morning, before the wind comes up. You double-time down to the field and get into your chutes and the Buck Rogers helmet that protects your head. You line up in front of the hangar and a sergeant checks the chutes to see that they're on properly. Then you hike out to the field to the big transport and sit in the steel seats along the side, not talking much, or else talking a little too loud. The jump master sits in the back of the plane with a non-com and a dummy named Oscar, who wears a parachute. When they get over the field, Oscar is tossed out to see how the wind's blowing. The plane circles around again and the jump master calls you to the door and you jump. That's all.

That's all to the jumping. Now the real work begins. After a man qualifies as a jumper he's assigned to a tactical unit. Here he takes additional training in weapons and all phases of ground combat. More than anything, he learns how to be a good infantryman. The test of parachute troops is not how well they jump, but what they do after they hit the ground. Once on the ground they must know everything every other infantryman knows. They have to be just as tough and just as smart. Specialized guerrilla work is only part of the paratroops' function. They are a spearhead of infantry, designed to take over a sector and hold it until the rest of the infantry gets there to consolidate the position.

That is the crux of the whole business, and the Germans showed it to us in Crete, where their maneuver can be explained almost entirely in terms of any classic ground engagement. Given an enemy to attack, the first move is to bring up heavy artillery. In Crete bombers and other attack planes blasted enemy positions and performed as field artillery. Then the infantry attacked, dropping from the skies instead of advancing on foot or in trucks. They dropped and formed companies on the ground to fight like an infantry outfit.

In combat you jump from 250 feet, as you jump from one of the towers. You come down very fast from this height and it is hard for riflemen to get a sight on you. You drop parachutists in force, so that they meet the enemy at least on even terms.

The Russians were pioneers in the use of parachute troops. They tested them first in 1931. Since then they have pioneered until parachuting has become a national pastime. By the time the Germans got around to imitating the idea, the Russians were dropping everything from men to light tanks.

Parachute troops must be tough. And they are when they finish the course. They're tough and expert and probably the cockiest soldiers in the army. They get fifty dollars more than base pay for jumping. But most of them aren't in it for the dough. They like it because they like excitement and the feel of riding the sky, and because they like to fight. That's the tipoff on the parachute troops and one of the reasons the army is counting on them so heavily. It's a simple definition of good soldiers, and these men have it. **They like to fight.**

Tumbling practice. Men land from the platform in simulation of actual parachute-landing. Inset right shows trainee just after pulling ripcord for experimental free fall on controlled tower.

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People Back Home—

Fort Devens, Mass.—Pvt. Aloysius Artura Nackonieczny of Philadelphia had his name legally changed to Vladimir Wojahecki Makonieczny.

Washington—The Office of Defense Transportation appealed to travelers to limit themselves to one piece of baggage whenever possible to ease the crowded conditions of railroad facilities. "The extra baggage carried into a car," said ODT, "may well exclude some soldier from a seat."

Sioux Falls, S. D.—Warden G. Norton Jameson returned to the state prison after a long search for an electric chair to execute two condemned men. He was "practically assured," he said, that Illinois would lend the needed chair.

McChord Field, Wash.—Some 350 soldiers of the Air Force base here turned to and helped in the berry fields to avert waste due to labor shortage.

Greenville, S. C.—Furman University invested $75,000 of its S. E. Bradshaw Memorial Library fund in War Bonds. The building of the library has been put off until after the war.

Chicago—The greatest cause of back trouble in women is the teenage habit of sitting on one foot, said Dr. C. H. Jennings of Bay View, Mich., and St. Petersburg, Fla. It causes pelvic twists, spinal curvatures and partly immobolized sacroiliac joints.

St. Johnsville, N. Y.—August Klieman cashed a 15-cent check issued to him in 1905. The check was a refund from a Chicago mail-order house.

Boston—Angus A. Hickey, 46, of St. John's, Newfoundland, who has already served three jail terms and been deported six times for illegal entry into this country from Canada, showed up again. This time he got another jail sentence—a year and a day.

"Draft Dodger!"

Washington—The Civilian Conservation Corps made its last request of the War Department before being dismantled. Turning in the uniforms once worn by 3,000,000 CCC men, it asked that they be used by other than conscientious objectors. A survey had shown there isn't a CCC among them.

Cottonwood Falls, Kans.—Workmen tearing down the schoolhouse in Rural District No. 29, found a corner of the building filled with bees and 400 pounds of honey.

WAR-TIME AMERICA

A Nation is on its Guard—Against Inflation, Against Saboteurs and Profiteers and Air Raids.

There are many fronts to this war; the conflict of armies is only one of them. The fight at home is part of the fight abroad and no man bears the burden alone. Responsibility falls equally on soldier and steel worker. The nation fights a single action against Fascism.

But like any major engagement the fight is complex, broken into battles, often confused in its parts. This week the people back home fought a word: Inflation. To fight it, President Roosevelt proposed a seven-point program, with emphasis on stabilization of wages, ceilings on prices, and heavier taxes based on ability to pay.

Dietrich got sued

First step was presentation to the House of Representatives of the biggest tax bill in history, a 320-page measure calculated to raise more than $6,000,000,000. Then the Senate gave the Office of Price Administration $125,000,000 to see that prices didn't skyrocket.

Democracy on Guard

But the whole answer wasn't entirely a question of money. **These were all answers to everybody's question: what does it cost to be free?**

The people of a militant democracy must be vigilant. They must guard constantly against espionage and intolerance, saboteurs, and hypocrites. This week a military court was still trying the 8 spies who landed in this country from a Nazi submarine, and to them they added 14 former members of the German-American Bund.

This week the War Department let the world know about John Cullen, 21-year old Coast Guardsman who spurned the money of the Nazi saboteurs on Long Island, set his superiors and the F.B.I. on their trail. John Cullen was promoted to coxswain and his picture was in all the papers. He smiled for photographers and took his best girl dancing.

Heat and Crops

The heat stuck and the country fought mosquitoes, along with everything else. The fly swatter moved with the assembly line, and production rose.

Figures disclosed this week revealed that the last year saw a 175 per cent increase in war production. Plane output jumped 1500 per cent in the last two years. Contracts were awarded for the biggest pipe line in the world, designed to carry vital oil from Longview, Texas, to Norris City, Illinois. Ship production this week was already in excess of the 10-million ton quota set by the president and was outstripping losses from enemy submarine action. Out West the biggest and best harvest in years was rolling in. There wasn't room to store it all.

A Kansas farmer moved family belongings out of the living room and stored his grain there. In Vega, Texas, they used a hotel for a wheat storage elevator. The people chipped in, giving each other a

Hero John Cullen and Alyce

New York—Maury H. B. Paul, who edited the society section of the Journal-American under the name of Cholly Knickerbocker, died of a heart ailment. He was the inventor of the term, "cafe society."

Sheppard Field, Texas—The commanding officer got a telegram: "Please let Cpl. John Doe, 407th School Squadron, come home for wedding. (Signed) Bride." The CO let him go. Damn fool.

Union City, N. J.—The City Hall Tavern, former hangout of German-American Bund members, was leased for a USO center.

Washington—The Post Office Department revoked the second-class mail permits of College Humor, Headline Detective and Front Page Detective magazines on grounds they published obscene material.

Hollywood—Errol Flynn collapsed in the middle of a boxing scene being filmed for his current movie. Doctor said he was fatigued. Me, too.

Albany, N. Y.—Frank Palaimo enlisted in the Navy on July 13. He and his wife were both born Jan. 13, 1913. They have two daughters, born June 13, 1940 and Aug. 13, 1941. Palaimo was discharged from an earlier hitch in the Navy on Dec. 13, 1933.

Omaha, Nebr.—Orville Johnson, 20, of Council Bluffs, Iowa, was rejected by the Army after his induction. His wrists aren't flexible, the Army says. Orville is chief baton twirler for the Union Pacific Railroad band at Omaha.

Beckley, W. Va.—The Rev. Dan Carey, arrested for driving with an outdated license, was told that ignorance is no excuse. "Don't you read the newspapers?" asked the court. "Mostly the funnies," answered the Reverend. Ten dollars and costs.

Indianapolis—John Zazas sued the Republican State Committee for $8,000 he says is due him for whistles and horns he supplied for a Landon rally in the 1936 elections.

Albany, N. Y.—The will of Harold W. Cadby, paper box manufacturer, directed that any debt owed to him by anyone at the time of his death be canceled.

Cherokee, Okla.—Dressing for his wedding, a bridegroom-to-be gave a final tug to his necktie to make sure it was straight. His fingers slipped and knocked out a false tooth, which fell down a drainpipe. The wedding waited for an hour while a plumber recovered the tooth.

Indianola, Miss.—War Bond campaigners here found a man who still has his Liberty Bonds from World War I. He thought the money was his donation and the bonds were receipts.

Scott Field, Mo.—Fred Kressman, M.P., nabbed a soldier who tried to get out of camp with another man's pass. The pass was Kressman's own, which he had lost earlier in the day.

Richmond, Va.—Dr. Loring A. Thompson, director of the State Planning Board's population study, estimated that if the war continues Virginia will have a population of 3,193,057 in 1950, as compared with 2,677,773 in the 1940 census. You figure it out.

Cleveland—Fire caused by a toppled altar candle damaged the altar, organ, statues and interior decorations of SS. Anthony and Bridget Church on 22nd Street. Firemen estimated the loss at $7500.

Detroit—McMullen Park was closed by State police after the drowning of a ten-year-old girl in Edison Lake. The Wayne County prosecutor's office says there are no proper safeguards for bathers. A total of 69 persons have drowned in the lake since 1925.

Philadelphia—Thomas F. Dorsey, father of Tommy and Jimmy Dorsey, died after three years' illness. A former music teacher and band director, he played all the wind instruments and taught his sons how to play them.

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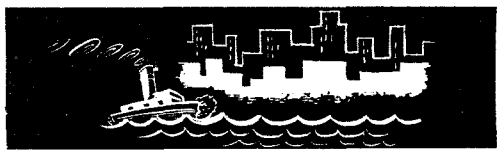

hand. At Sedalia, Missouri, railroad shop workers finished their night shift jobs, then dropped in on a neighbor and harvested 35 acres of oats before noon. They were just a few of the thousand Missouri Pacific employees who volunteered to help short-handed farmers during the harvest.

Sophie Boychuck got engaged

And on the fringe were the short subjects, the coming attractions. Out of the woodwork came the crackpots and chiselers, the wise guys trying to make an easy dollar on the war. The country cracked down on them, too.

The House Military Affairs Subcommittee investigated payment of huge commission fees to "sales engineers" obtaining war contracts for manufacturers. It was ready to recommend legislation to deal with these money men. A man from New Jersey was jailed for selling tires without ration-board approval and at prices above the OPA ceiling.

The heavy hand of History fell on everything. A Denver astrologist declared he had positive information from the stars that Hitler died in 1940. The sister of Gypsy Rose Lee got the mumps. Another one of those wartime quick-energy candy bars appeared, teeming over with vitamins A, B_1, B_2, C, and D, all for one dime. Gene Autry entered the army as a sergeant, without his horse. Walter C. Pew, Jr., son of the general manager of the Sun Oil Company, filed intention to wed Sophie Boychuck, an attendant at one of the company's filling stations, proving that this is still a democracy.

Every advertiser in one issue of the Pittsburgh Press this week devoted his space to an appeal for the people to buy bonds.

Two hundred irate women rioted at McKeesport, Pa., because police closed their bingo game. A fan dancer applied for extra gas, stating that her movements cover 700 miles a month. Marlene Dietrich was sued for $4,141 by a milliner. In Jasper, Tenn., a 15-year old child bride fatally shot a man named Silas ("Snooks") Redmond on general principles. Everyone in Jasper agreed "Snooks" was nothin' but a dog.

This was comic relief. From all over the country news rolled in, big and little. Small things became important and big things failed to take.

This week the United States formally declared war on Hungary, Roumania, and Bulgaria, but the country was too busy to get excited.

At night the coastal cities dim out, but do not sleep. The country changes with the war, and old things disappear. This week New York City tried to sell the Aquarium, where Jenny Lind once sang, but no one would buy. This week, peacefully and in her bed, died Mrs. Caroline Phoebe Hassam Randall, whose father fought at Bunker Hill.

Colorado Springs, Colo.—Major Elliott Roosevelt, son of the president, has been named commander of the Third Photographic Group of the Air Support Command Base here.

Philadelphia—Dr. Daniel A. Poling, president of the world Christian Endeavor and editor of The Christian Herald, announced that he will enter the Army as a chaplain. He holds a reserve commission of major.

Lansing, Mich.—A statewide conference of church and dry groups meets July 23 to discuss the creation of a "moderate middle-of-the-road program" for better liquor control in Michigan. Sponsors emphasized that they have no intention of starting a prohibition movement at this time.

Cody, Wyo.—Oil activity in the Big Horn Basin area of northern Wyoming is reaching a new peak. Eight new locations were reported in the Oregon Basin field and a second well had been spudded in the Gooseberry Dome field.

Wausau, Wis.—Governor Julius Peter Heil was endorsed by the Republican state convention to run for a third term. He got the convention's support on the first roll-call.

Altoona, Pa.—Altoona had a small-scale gas attack when a valve blew out in the ammonia compressor at the Citizen's Ice Company plant. Vapor that looked like fog and acted like tear gas covered several city squares.

New York—George Sherry, 46, was described by the court as "the lowest thing I ever saw or heard of." Police said Sherry sold his 76-year-old mother's bed to get money for liquor. He pleaded guilty to disorderly conduct charges and got three months in the workhouse.

San Bernardino, Calif.—The heat wave which kept the mercury above 100 degrees here for five days, slacked off for a day. The maximum temperature then was 99 degrees.

Atlantic City—The Army Air Force took over three more beach-front hotels: the Ritz-Carlton, the Chalfonte-Haddon Hall and the Claridge.

Spokane, Wash.—Deputy Sheriff Jim Cannon convinced his customer that he would need money more urgently in the future than now, so the man bought two $25 War Bonds. The purchaser had just been convicted of grand larceny and won't need his money for 15 years.

***HEAT WAVE** by the arm of the law has no effect on little Miss-Has-No-Pants who decided the weather was wrong but she was right. The scene: Coney Island, N.Y. A real hot spell hit the Atlantic Coast last week.*

The Nerve of Some People!

SUSSEX, N. J.—The lady walked into the office of Sheriff Van Atta of Sussex County, N. J., and began:

"My husband has asked me to have you protect our property. We are afraid some mobs might destroy it."

"Sure," said the sheriff. "Where's the property and who owns it?"

"I'm Mrs. August Klapprott of Dover—Camp Nordland."

Van Atta said very gently, "That is the bund camp, and your husband was bund leader and is now under Federal arrest for conspiracy to violate the draft laws and alien registration act—isn't that so?"

Mrs. Klapprott said it was.

"Well, you can hire your own guards," the sheriff informed her.

The lady may be looking yet for Americans to protect bund property from Americans.

Advance and be recognized . . . closer.

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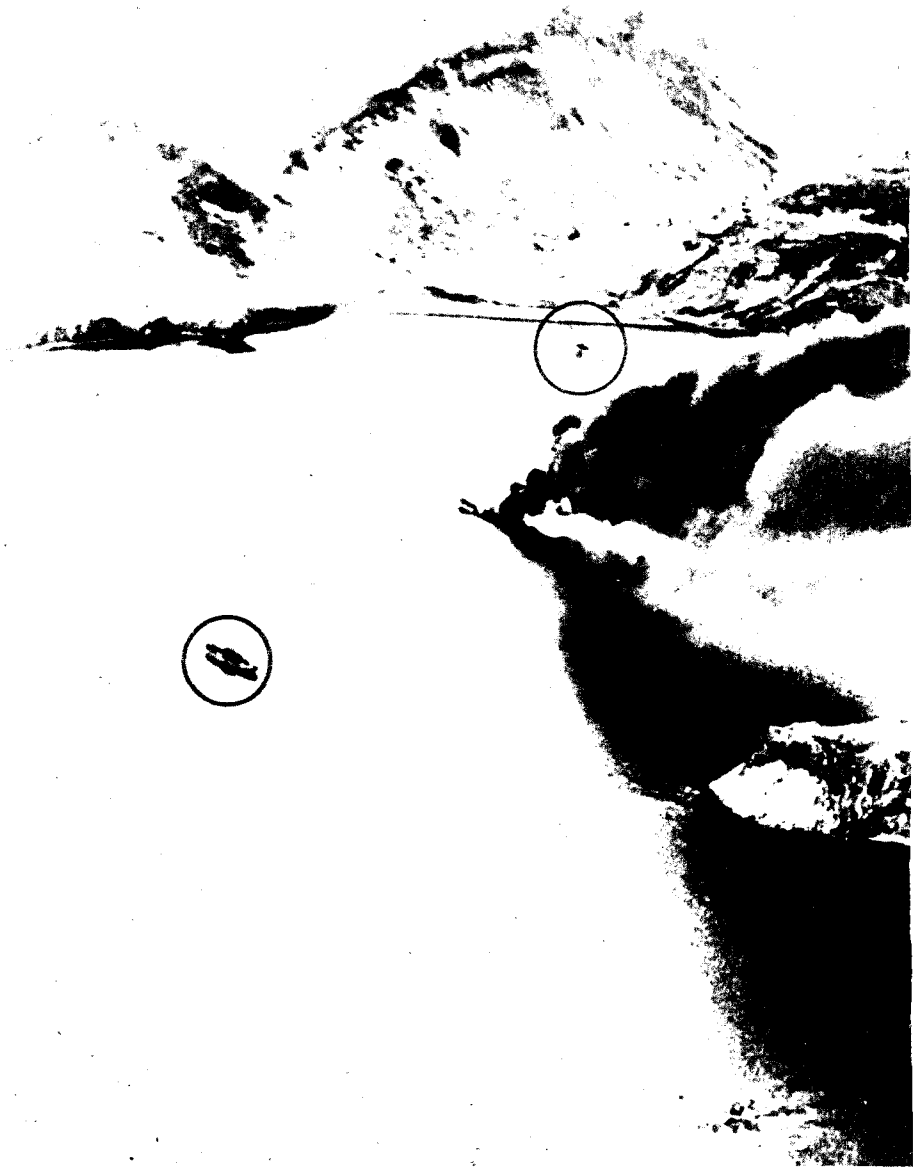
Back from the wars, Edward Francis Gallagher, who flew with the famed A.V.G., holds his six months old son for the first time in Washington, D. C. Look at Daddy's face. He is a very proud Tiger.



Down there in the harbor at Kiska, Aleutian Islands, burns a Japanese transport after being hit by an Army bomber. Three other Jap ships are circled. Photo was made from a Navy plane after the bomber left.

LONDON PARTY Words and sandwiches get a bit of tossing around at the opening of the Washington Club, the former Washington Hotel, in London. Army men and hostesses are gathered around Lieut. Gen. Dwight Eisenhower, Commander in Chief of United States forces in Europe.

CITIZENS, TOO Six U. S. soldiers, foreign-born, are sworn in at Fort Monmouth, N. J., under a recent law permitting aliens to become citizens after three months' service in the Army. L. to r., Pvt. Joseph Klimas, Lithuania; Pvt. Nils Larson, Sweden; PFC Joseph Ruggieri, France; Sgt. Arthur Lussy, Russia; Cpl. Constantin Caragianis, Greece, and PFC Albert Tolie, Albania.

GETTING THE HOOT Cpl. Hash by this time is undoubtedly Pvt. Hash. His offense, as is obvious, was using one perfectly good G.I. boot for a bed, or something. Hash is mascot for the New York Guard. The Guard says there's none better despite this one lapse.

STYLE ica's mo by the Gertrude

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It's bad news for a few thousand soldiers whose favorite gal is Lana Turner. For Lana's gone and taken herself out of circulation again. This time she eloped with Stephen Crane, stock broker. You see the villain pictured with our darling right after the dastardly act.

Steel helmets for civilian defense in Amer-
s are now being turned out
ds in this Los Angeles plant.
nan is trying one on here.

California Models Guild exhibits Leslie Brooks as proof that diet and exercise will make unnecessary the two G.I. girdles the WAACS are getting at Fort Des Moines, Ia.

His ship, a U. S. merchantman, is sinking in the Caribbean, but this gunner insists on remaining at his post to get a crack at the U-boat that did the dirty work. Before he could sight the sub, another torpedo plowed toward the stricken ship. The gunner jumped clear just in time.

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THE POETS CORNERED

Nor all your piety and wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a line.
Omar K., Pfc. 1st Pyramidal Tent Co.

FIGHTING MEN

Oh, war is grim and war is bold,
and many the tales they tell,
Of Pickett's charge at Gettysburg,
through flaming pits of hell.
Of Little Big Horn and Custer's
stand, and wild the bugles blow
To the forlorn sweep of the Light
Brigade, and the men of the
Alamo.

But when you write of fighting
men, to history's scroll add on—
How the naked Igorotes rode
the tanks at old Bataan.
Write not of dashing heroes,
spurred and booted cap-a-pie;
But of simple men, of heathen men,
men unafraid to die;
They did not seek an armored
shield to magnify their deeds,
But clamored up with warrior
shouts and rode their iron steeds;
There face to face they met the foe,
no quarter gave nor sought;
The only men that ever tamed
a rolling Juggernaut.

Aye, war is grim, and war is bold,
and heathen Gods are strange,
And Christian prophets ever strive
their ancient ways to change;
But when the roar of battle sounds,
all men find equal place,
For color is a pewter stamp
high courage knows no race.
So when you speak of mighty
deeds, remember to add on—
How the naked Igorotes rode
the tanks at old Bataan.

Avn/C M. Lyle
Windsock, Lindbergh Field

EATIN' FOOD, G. I.

"Who knows, who knows where
they get the chow
That they feed in the Army"?
the Doggies moan.
The beef must come from a new
kind of cow
Built of fat, skin and gristle and
bone
And bred and in-bred 'til the piti-
ful wreck
Is half of it tail and half of it
neck
Supported by sticks attached to its
feet
Completely and utterly stripped
of its meat
So weak and anemic it's almost
unable
To finish its trip to the Army
table.

Where, oh where do they get the
"frank"
That makes the Doggies their
appetite lose,
Which in Army feeding takes first
rank
And "rank" is the word to use.
That cylinder known as the old hot
dog
Which tastes like wood and feels
like a log.
Now doubtless frankfurters have
their uses.
But they fight like hell with the
gastric juices,
With after-effects which resemble
a souse
And put you into the canine
house.
So please Mr. Einstein tell us how
And where they obtain the
Army chow.

Sgt. Drew L. Ratliff

THE LIEUTENANT'S LAMENT

A lieutenant is an officer,
Or so some people say.
He wears pink pants and shoulder
straps
And draws commissioned pay.
But if you pause and ponder
You will see that they are wrong:
'Tis such a cause for wonder
That I've put it into song.

The colonels live in quarters,
The privates live in tents;
By the post commander's orders
The lieutenant merely rents.
The USO gives dances
For the poor enlisted men;
The colonels' wives plan parties
Where each rooster has his hen.
The college girls
Cast their pearls
Before the crude cadets;
But the men of Mars
With single Bars,
'Tis them the world forgets!

To buy their meals they are al-
lowed
Just sixty cents per day,
But they must mess in with the
crowd
And ten bits for it pay.
And if a post commander
Does, perchance, provide them
quarters,
He builds them out of tarpaper
And living there is orders.
What is the rent?
Oh, it is meant
To provide such quarters free—
Lieutenants merely do without
A forty dollar fee!

Oh, lieutenants they are officers,
Or so some may have thought,
They wear pink pants and shoul-
der straps
But really they are nought.
They must respect their betters,
And 'tis numerous they are,
Their bars are really fetters
To an eagle or a star . . .
Rank without authority,
Duty without power,
Service without glory,
Officer, for an hour!

Lieut. Donald E. Super

MAIL CALL

DEAR YANK:

I ran across a copy of your very excellent publication in the men's toilet of "Paddy" O'Connor's Tap-room.

I was shocked at the method "The Poets Cornered" used in handling a poetic masterpiece written by 2nd Lt. Earl J. Wilson. What did you guys do, but chop off the very last verse, maliciously!

Semper Fidelis,
HARVEY E. ROESLER,
Staff Sergeant, USMC

Okay, sarge, we omitted it in all innocence. Until you wrote that's all we'd seen of the poem. Here it is:

They grab all the gravy away from
the Navy
And all they leave us poor sailors
is beans.
The Army gripes likewise about
those Leatherneck guys
'Cause we wish that we all were
Marines!

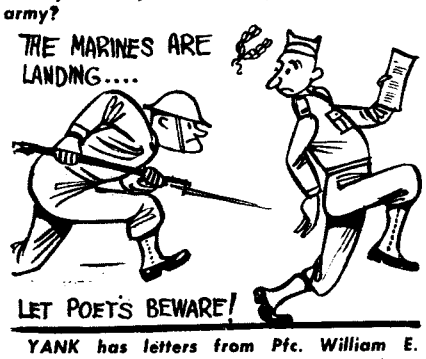
DEAR EDITOR:

Please convey our compliments to Second Lieutenant Earl J. Wilson, USA, and let him know we appreciate his humor (or lack depending on your viewpoint). Our esteemed friend, Lieutenant Wilson must have just come in on the 1B class—one eye and one leg—and not even one brain!

Sincerely yours,
GYRENE

P.S.—As an afterthought the good (?) lieutenant must be some sort of politician to get a commission.

Why don't you write a poem about the army?



YANK has letters from Pfc. William E. Schlosser of Camp Grant, Illinois, and from Sgt. Kenneth E. Schlosser, U. S. Air Force. We'll answer you both directly, but are wondering if you are related to each other.

S.A.D., New London:

YANK does not print anonymous letters. We'll use your initials or a foney name like "Pvt. Twerp" and not give you away in public, but we must know who you are. That's the only way we can tell whether a letter is on the up and up.

The Editors

Camp Croft

DEAR YANK:

I am from the Blue Ridge mountains and a country boy who never got to travel much. As a kid I ran away from the farm but never even as a high school student was I more than 50-75 miles from home. I haven't been in the fight yet (tho I hope to be soon), but one thing being a soldier has done for me is to really show me the old USA. I have been on trains for two whole days sometimes. When we travel from camp to camp its okay, but the way some soldiers especially the city boys behave when going home is a disgrace to the Army, I think. Some get drunk and bother the passengers and I personally believe this is a disgrace to Uncle Sam.

Aren't soldiers on leave supposed to behave better than this?

respectfully yrs.
PVT. EMERSON FILK

They are. A fellow on leave should have all the fun he can get, but that doesn't include getting cockeyed on trains. A disgrace to your uniform is a disgrace to your country. Besides it's damn bad taste to make a public nuisance of yourself.

Words Across the Sea

Well, our cameraman ups to a soldier and says howja like to send a message to some buddy over there, and naturally the soldier says swell stuff, and so do other soldiers, and our camera guy scribbles some notes and makes some pictures, and before you know it here's what you got:

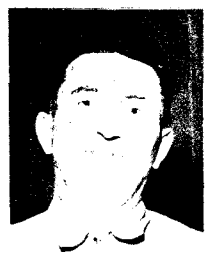
If this message gets through, this column will have been more than worth its space.

Pvt. Wilbur Malone is grimly trying to reach his cousin, Cpl. Robert Cates, Infantry, last heard of in the Philippines. "Your mother and sister are in best of health. I hope it won't be long until we have the Japs whipped and are back together."

That white band around the cap of Acting Leading Airman **A. J. Wilson** of the British Fleet Air Arm means that he is about to become a Second Lieutenant — something like one of our Officer Candidates. Clean-cut A.L.A. Wilson wants to send word along to Lieut. C. D. E. Keeling, Essex Regiment, address unknown: "Good luck, old man. Hope things are breaking as well for you as they are for me. Cheerio."

Pvt. Dave Jennings is red-faced and good-humored. From Fort Bragg, he's now with the 716 M.P. Company in Jersey City Armory. He wants his F.A. bunkie, Pvt. Jimmy Kelley, in Australia, to save a couple of Japs for him. He wants Pvt. Al McCall, also Down Under, to know that he's "taking good care of Irma." What Jennings and McCall think of "good care" may be two different things.

Sgt. James Gorman has been in the Infantry 22 months and is stationed at Fort Lewis, Washington. Right now he's worried about an old sidekick of his named Pvt. John Hanvey. This is his appeal to Pvt. Hanvey: "I've been searching all over for you. Last your mother heard, you were in Hawaii. Be sure to write me."



Cpl. Herb Young wants to get across some word to Pvt. Paul Schneider, his Paterson, N. J., pal who's now in Hawaii. The gals they go with are sisters and, according to Herb, Paul's peach, named Alice, is continuing as faithful as the skies are blue. We looked at the skies and, sure enough, they were blue.

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YANK
THE ARMY NEWSPAPER
JULY 29, 1942
VOL. 1, NO. 7
PUBLISHED WEEKLY
By the men . . for the men in the service

HE WHO LAUGHS LAST

This is all about wishful thinking.

To the right, our cartoon is a classic example of wishful thinking. Funny as all hell, isn't it? It would be pleasant to dismiss the Japanese navy with a joke and their aircraft carriers with a gag.

Wish it away, wish it right on out of this war.

That would be *all right*. But—

Once upon a time, they wished Adolf Hitler right on back to the German backwoods around Munich. They made him out a character strictly from the provinces, as maybe he was. They drew him with square heads and when they got through Hitler was strictly a buffoon character!

Boy, he was a riot, Hitler. When they got through wishing Adolf out of existence he should have retired to the wings, quietly bowed his head, slumped those narrow shoulders and shuffled off the stage and out of the course of history like a Charlie Chaplin character in the second reel, with comebacks disallowed.

Unfortunately, he didn't.

Unfortunately, Adolf Hitler kept on goose-stepping his ridiculous way down the margins of those history books, leaving an ever-widening trail of blood.

Hitler was no dummy, say what you will about the buffoon. Hitler said the Germans made one big mistake during the first World War. He pointed out that the Kaiser's propagandists (not as subtle as his own Goebbels the Gimp) had caricatured and wished the British right on out of the war by making of them a bunch of comic strip characters with no resemblance—living or dead—to soldiers. Then, observed Hitler, the Germans were surprised when those same British ran out of the trenches in France and turned out to be *fighters*.

Then, we took on the Japanese, those funny little clowns from the other side of the Pacific. They were the butt of our best gags and cartoons for years. They were characters, those Japanese. Back in 1936, did you think their airplanes would fly or their little soldiers fight or their aircraft carriers sail the broad Pacific without sinking? The answer is a triple "NO."

It was very funny.

Boy, when they got through wishing the Japanese navy out of existence there should NOT have been any Japanese navy on Dec. 7, 1941.

Unfortunately, there was.

A sense of humor is a damned fine thing. Americans always have been known for it. Rollicking laughter has echoed as a symbol and a characteristic of the American people down the years of their history. No person should be without a sense of humor.

We still think Adolf Hitler is a character, and strictly from the backwoods.

We still think the Japanese navy is a funny subject and strictly from Gilbert & Sullivan.

And when Adolf Hitler is back in the backwoods and when the Shuberts of Broadway lease the Japanese navy for a musical comedy, then you will hear our laughter—long and loud and from the belly. You will hear it from Bali to Siberia, lusty and very American, needing no amplifiers to carry its good and natural humor.

But until then, brother, we are confining our laughter to Pvt. McTurk, Sad Sack and the Stein and Borgstedt cartoons.

A Few Items That Require No Editorial Comment . . .

Ah, Sweet Mystery . . . .
(Reprint from the Philadelphia Record)

The Record—last Thursday—as well as other newspapers, published pictures of camouflaged buildings and streets in Berlin. There may have been some readers who examined the photos and read

"I understand that's YANK'S Berlin correspondent—"

the captions and then turned on to something else—but surely there were many more who must have said to themselves: "There's something odd about this."

There was. The Nazis obviously do not want their camouflage secrets spread all over the American press—especially the military press. The captions explained only that the pictures were first published in YANK, the Army Newspaper.

The Record, just as curious as its readers about how the pictures got out of Germany, queried the editors of YANK. The latter had no comment. And that was that.

Still there must be something awry about the vaunted efficiency of the German Gestapo if, in the space of a couple of weeks, a batch of submarine-landed spies can be seized before they have a chance to do any damage, and photos of the camouflaged heart of Berlin can be published in American newspapers. Either that, or America's secret agents are a lot smarter than Americans think they are.

Required Listening

In the Atlantic, a German submarine sent a torpedo into an American merchant vessel, stood by while 39 survivors scrambled into life boats.

Skipper of the U. S. vessel said he and his chief engineer were called aboard the raider to sit as a two man class while the Nazi commander teamed with his crew in a lecture on the subject of government and the "perfidy of Franklin Roosevelt."

At the right moment during the German's speech, his 21 crew members shouted in unison:

"To hell with Roosevelt!"

"Roosevelt is a dangerous man to have at the head of your country," Hitler's apostle said.

Speech ended, the U-boat commander wished his pupils luck, sent them back to the lifeboats.

Jap Jumping Beans

A Honolulu schoolteacher saw her Japanese students nibble a quick handful of azuki beans before diving for shelter at the sound of an air raid alarm. She questioned them and NEA Service reports the following explanation.

Seems there is a super cow by the name of Kudan. She has a human head and speaks fluent Japanese. This Kudan has told the Nips to eat a lot azuki beans to avoid being casualties in air raids.

A YANK correspondent, dispatched to interview Kudan, came back with this exposé.

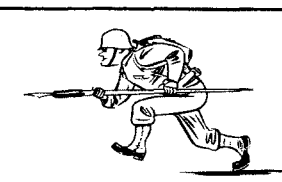
"Kudan's all right," he says. "She admits it's all a gag. She's related on her father's side to Elsie the Borden cow. She got jealous of Elsie's publicity one day and started shooting off her mouth (shifting her cud to one side for easier conversation) to a bunch of visiting Japanese. Told them that Elsie was small fry compared to her and then went into the bean speil. Kudan's getting quite a laugh now. Says the whole thing's liable to backfire into a Japan-wide gas attack."

Reputation

An Australian officer, returned from the heavy fighting in the Middle East, tells of a story going the rounds in Cairo:

When the Germans learned that they faced a detachment of New Zealanders, the commanding officer flashed this message to supporting troops:

"Get more ambulances."



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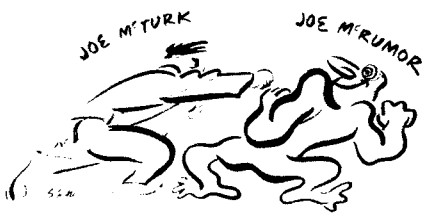
Pvt. McTurk Spreads a Latrine Rumor



SEE the mighty McTurk. Lookit the Mental Mastodon, what a doity thing as been did to him. He has been drug off e drillfield for one thing and another d threw into the Johnny to pretty up e jernt.

If the Old Man could oney take a look what it looks like, he would not put vt. Joe McTurk to work in the can. cTurk is a good man for the can but he l unknowing sabotizes the war effort.

McTurk is suppose to keep out the rag g and bobtail which would otherwise in- ster the jernt, but his admirers one and l swarm to him like flies on the honey agon and the talk is free.

Take a look at what it looks like.

McTURK, whose chief hobby in civil life was contradicting the news reports broadcast by barbers, hears out a stranger who has come to his salon with news of great and grave import. The colonel's daughter has told a young captain, who has told the girl he was two-timing the colonel's daughter with, who has told the wife of somebody's best friend, that . . .

"GUHWANN," says McTurk, "yuh got rocks in yuh head!" Fluently speaking the dialect of Brooklyn, he fondles the strands of his mop, remembering the golden curls of the babe he left on Staten Island.

A LOTTA crap, reasons McTurk. It ouldn't be so. And yet might, says he. Let s look into the situa- on and get to the eat of the madda.

ONEY a joik would get the idea that we are being sent to the Pacific, decides McTurk. Still and all, we had bedda take a look at what it looks like. At the library, he cuts his way through the pineapple ads and reaches the balmy Isle of Bali. There he really gets to the meat of the madda, none of which has even got a brassiere on it. McTurk heads hotly for the map.

WOULD it be McTurk in subtle imitation of a native Balinese war dance? Would it be McTurk graphically describing how a Staten Islander will meet the enemy? The WPA refugee with the short shovel is unimpressed by whatever it is. He tells McTurk in his own language, "Guhwann, yuh joik, yuh!"

McTURK goes on. He goes on to the topkick to ask him about the life in Bali. e is convinced he is already there already. The topkick is getting out the morning report. "Back to yuh bucket wit yuh, lcTurk," he says. "Back to the can wit yuh nd not another rap outa yuh."

Here is McTurk, now back in the can. The top wuz so anxious to drop duh subjick, he decided, that it must be true. McTurk's honest Irish face begins to look like that of a rumor monger. Before supper, every last man in the outfit will be straightening out personal stuff and writing home for swimming trunks.

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¾ Doz. Gobs Get Tangled in Army

By Sgt. Harry Brown
Yank Staff Writer

A West Coast Post—

"I LIKE this man's Army," John North said. The statement was flat enough, but the fact that John North said it makes it odd. John North happens to be a Signalman in the U. S. Navy.

He was standing around, just standing around, with two other sailors and three soldiers. It was Saturday morning, and they were taking pictures of each other with a small Kodak that looked as though it had been through the mill at Dutch Harbor. A good many men and things around here *have* been through the mill at Dutch Harbor. You can't tell.

"He should like this man's Army," Pfc. Nick Schneider said. "We feed him good."

"He doesn't do anything to earn his food," said Pvt. Sherman Dunson.

"You're right there, mate," North said. "I don't do a damned thing. This is paradise."

"Paradise, G.I., 1 ea.," said Pfc. Schneider.

North and Seaman Raymond Gallarda and Seaman Phillip Khattar are leading the life of Riley, all right. They don't know how long it will last, but they hope it goes on for the duration. Anyway, it gives them a chance to be out on Saturday morning taking pictures—and Saturday morning is usually a keen time to go through a keen little inspection.

Schneider and Dunson and Cpl. James Napolitano have it pretty easy too. All in all, it's a beautiful situation. The reason for it runs something like this. Schneider and Dunson and Napolitano are, respectively, mail clerk, radio operator, and gunner on transports running to Your-Guess-Is-As-Good-As-Mine. North and Gallarda and Khattar are signalmen (flags, heliograph, and what have you) on transports running to the same place. The soldiers are doing jobs that the sailors should be doing, and vice versa. Catch on?

Right now there are 8 sailors at this post, every one of them having a hell of a good time. They've only been here a week, but already a couple of them are wishing they were in the Army. And the Army likes them, or at least that part of the Army that's around here likes them.

"The situation is this," Khattar said. Khattar is small, dark, and rounded at the corners. "When you're on shipboard, you keep thinking about the girls. 'Oh boy,' you say to yourself, 'will I knock 'em dead this time.' Only trouble is, there's usually a couple of thousands of miles of water between you and female flesh when you decide to knock 'em dead. Here now, if you want to knock 'em dead you just get some liberty and hop a bus. The Army has charms."

"You see how it is," Schneider said. "Once a sailor, always a sailor. The Army can't teach them anything. You notice he said 'get some liberty,' not 'get a pass.' You can't do anything with men like that. Can't teach old seadogs new tricks."

"This Army talk is crazy," Gallarda said. "I get in trouble all the time with this Army talk."

"Acclimate yourself, matey, acclimate yourself," Schneider said.

"I want to take a picture," Cpl. Napolitano said. He was wearing ring shoes, with good reason. Napolitano used to box around New York—at the Armory and places like that. He's from Jersey and weighs in at 145.

"You just took a picture," North said.

"Listen," said the corporal. "It isn't every day you get a chance to see some real, honest-to-God sailors in an Army camp. I'm going to burn this camera out on you sailors."

Two soldiers and three sailors formed a rough line while Napolitano focussed. "Hey, Shorty," he said to Khattar, "get up in front." Shorty got up in front.

When the picture was taken Schneider started laughing. "My God," he said, "I never saw a lens louse to equal a sailor. All they want to do is have their pictures taken. And always with girls."

"When there aren't any girls around, honey," Khattar said, "you'll do."

"You know what," Dunson said. "We got a First Sergeant."

"Yeah," North said, "did you ever hear anything like that?"

"We get mixed up," Gallarda said.

"I go in to him," Dunson said, "and I say, 'Well, Chief, how's about a little liberty?' and he says, 'Listen, my name ain't "Chief" and I don't know what the hell liberty is. You're free, ain't you? Go lie down under a hammock, old salt.' What we need around here is some C.P.O.'s."

"Don't worry," North said. "There's plenty of C.P.O.'s lying around. They live in a hotel down town. A breeze, that's the life of a C.P.O."

"I can't think of a C.P.O. in a barracks," Gallarda said. "He'd go nuts."

"Sleeping in a bed is something I haven't undergone in a long time," North said. "First day I got here, I asked what's my chances of slinging a hammock in one of these barracks. The answer shook my ears."

"They've only got one gripe about the Army," Napolitano said. "Tell your gripe about the Army."

"Aw, that," North said. "Well, it's the laundry."

Gallarda and Khattar groaned.

"You see," North went on, "we have to do our own laundry."

"It's a sight to bring pity to the most caloused eye," Khattar said. "Every week these soldiers write out a slip and off goes their laundry. Not us, though. We have to wash our own. Look," he gestured at a clothesline between two tents. A lot of white jerseys and caps were hanging from it. "That's a drop in the weekly bucket," said Khattar.

"This laundry business is something we must overcome," Dunson said. "We are giving it a great deal of thought."

"You're just getting soft," Napolitano said. "You got it too easy. You don't even pull K.P."

"That's right," Khattar said. "No K.P., no fatigue. A singularly charming life."

The sailors are subject to call almost daily, as are the soldiers. Meanwhile they amuse themselves as much as they want. They sit around all hours playing cards. They eat a lot.

"Army food is really better than Navy food," North said, "except on certain ships."

"Worst food I ever had was at Boot School," Khattar said. "That's a blot on my stomach."

"You get steak here," Dunson said, "and chicken. When you get chicken, you get a whole half, and when you get steak, as much as you want. Two pieces, three pieces—whatever you can eat."

At that moment a bugle blew. "What's that mean?" Gallarda wanted to know.

"What do you care?" Napolitano said. "It doesn't mean anything to you."

"I like to be informed," Gallarda said. "I like to understand my environment."

Napolitano grinned. "You know," he said, "we used to have a Post C.O. who liked to get these sailors out for retreat. Funniest damned sight you ever saw. There'd be three or four thousand men on the drill field, and in the middle of them would be these sailors. The C.O. thought it made a pretty picture."

"It must have," North said dreamily, his eyes half-closed.

"The new C.O. doesn't let the sailors stand retreat any more," Napolitano went on. "So now they don't have *anything* to do."

"He lacks esthetic polish," North said.

"Go on," Schneider said. "He said you guys stood out like a sore thumb."

"There is nothing prettier," North said, "than a blue uniform against green grass."

"Like a sore thumb, matey," Napolitano said. He wound the film in his camera. "How about another picture?" he said. "While the camera lasts."

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BETWEEN the LINES

Pfc. Kelley—the Vital Cog

Let us designate this as The-Army-Finds-a-Place-for-Every-Type week and look at Pfc. Williston B. Kelley. He is ugly, but he's the man we have chosen. Pfc. Kelley is our shining example for the week.

In grammar school, young Williston stood out from his fellows. While all the other traffic monitors in front of the school helped smaller children across the street, young Williston would tell the kids that unless they stood back there he would hit them in the face.

In junior high school, he was one of the boys with arm bands who stood at the front door to make sure that students had passes to go home for lunch.

When timid little girls who had left their passes at home showed up at the front door and wanted to go out, Williston would sneer at them. "You never had no pass," he would say to them. "You are not supposed to go home for lunch. You just want to go to the drugstore and play the jukebox, you do. Go back and eat your lunch in the cafeteria."

The little girls probably had no lunch money either, which was just another sad story to Williston.

After he left school, Williston went to work for the furniture store. He was in the collection department. When people got three weeks behind in their installments on the birdseye maple bedroom suite, the store would send Williston around.

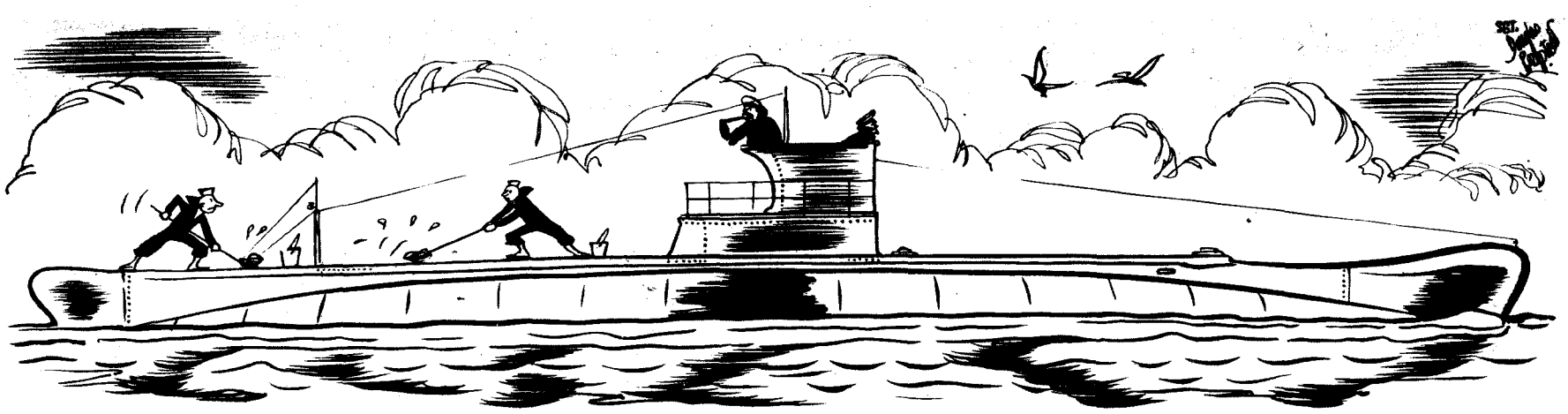
"So?" he would say, "you have lost your job and the children all had to have their tonsils out and your wife is having a baby and your rent has been raised? That is a pretty story. I think you are lying."

Now Williston B. Kelley has been drafted and is already a private first class. He is a vital cog in the war effort.

Pfc. Kelley is the man you have to see first when you go to the dispensary on sick call.

Cpl. Marion Hargrove

"—And Then They Rises in a Body, Sir, and Says 'Th' Hell With Training'!"



"Never Mind That, Men—We're About to Submerge!"

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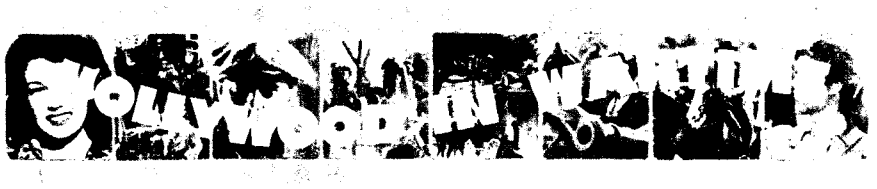

Africa Social Life Tough For Soldiers, Says Dancer

MOVIE stars are drafted, Broadway juveniles are laid up with varicose veins, elderly character actors come down with whooping cough, but the march of Broadway and Hollywood gossip doesn't stop for a minute. Typewriters from Beverly Hills to Shubert Alley grind out dreamy releases, which find their way into columns. Then, distorted by a dozen irreligious hands, they wind up here in YANK.

Here they are:

Ruth Hussey does a youth-to-old-age transformation in "The Man On America's Conscience." She goes from pink-cheeked teen-age charm to a tottering seventy. "Arabian Nights" is a movie for future reference; so far 14 out of 30 still pictures from it intended for publicity have been killed by the movie censor. Ann Sothern, "Maisie," is recovering from a jolt of flu. Lucille Ball has a cocker spaniel pup she calls "Victor Immature." Lili Damita's latest is a private in the Army. And Lili Damita's ex, Errol Flynn who once played the title role in "The Perfect Specimen," keeled over on the set of "Gentleman Jim" with a heart attack that bears out his 4-F draft classification.

Dorsey Brothers Make Up

Milton Berle and Lynn Bari will co-star in "Over My Dead Body," a murder plot; then Berle may go into "On The Cuff," a stage show. Carol Bruce, after two lousy movie breaks, gets a chance to go sexy again in "Off The Beaten Track" with the Brothers Ritz. June Preisser, who with her sister Cherry made up a top-notch dance team, will come back to Broadway in "Count Me In." Cedric Gibbons, movie art director, last married to Dolores Del Rio, is taking an altar trip with pert Pat Dane. And Dolores is adorning the arm of Orson Welles whose new movie, "The Magnificent Ambersons," just opened.

Dorothy Lewis, the shapely skater, is heart trouble for an ensign in our Navy. The Dorsey brothers have made up for keeps, so they say, and will get together shortly on a new music publishing idea. Hollywood has gone Russian in a big way with three shows about our allies—"Mission To Moscow," "The Road To Moscow" and "Song Of The Red Army." Redheaded Arleen Whelan is dreamy-eyed when she looks at Charles Wrightman.

Robert Young and Hedy Lamarr are being tested for "The Last Time I Saw Paris." Meanwhile Hedy is working in "White Cargo," wearing throughout the film a new South Sea wardrobe called a "Lurlong," which her studio describes as "two pieces of flimsy chiffon . . . clinging affectionately to the figure." Looks like a good show. Last time the Lamarr shape got over-exposed in "Ecstasy," Hedy's husband tried to buy up all the negatives. This time she's got no spouse. Not only no spouse, but she's tiffed with her last boy friend, George Montgomery.

No More Fu Manchu

Lionel Barrymore has turned his amateur musical talents to good use and composed a song for Rise Stevens; she may sing it at the Hollywood Bowl. Fu Manchu pictures are out for the duration; feeling is they don't accurately reflect the spirit of our Chinese allies who are potting the Japs every morning before breakfast. On the other hand, it might scare hell out of the Nips if they thought Fu was after them. Chinese extras who play Japs in Deanna Durbin's "Forever Yours" insist that they "meet death in violent fashion" sometime during the film.

STOP THAT WHISTLING—Maybe you haven't seen anything like this in a long time but there's no need of making so much noise about it. Her name is Evelyn Ankers and she's a new English movie actress in Hollywood. After looking at this picture, we hope there'll always be an England.

"I used to see him in Alexandria drinking and raising hell," Joan Douglas said. "He was the British soldier, a nice, clean-cut kid who'd never gone out in the desert to meet Rommel. He'd hang around the club for weeks, and then suddenly one day he was gone, and you knew the tanks had moved out.

"When he came back, if he did, he wasn't a kid anymore. He'd look at a girl, and the girl knew she was being undressed optically, to use a technical term."

Joan Douglas was talking about Egypt, her last stop on a six year trek through Europe and the Near East. The trek wasn't all her own idea. The Nazis made it necessary as, nation by nation, they took over the countries of Europe.

Three years ago she lit out of Italy and made her way to Alexandria. There, with five other American chorus girls, she formed a show which was the rage of the Near East night club circuit. "There weren't many other shows," she explained.

"Most of the time we'd entertain English officers, no enlisted men. In the Near East it's hell for an enlisted man. He isn't allowed to use the same hotels, the same bars, the same restaurants as an officer.

"Once in a while we'd get a little time off and go out into the field and entertain the kids in the ranks. They were very grateful. When I left Alexandria a little while ago the American Air Force was streaming in, and the officers couldn't understand why their enlisted men weren't allowed to use the same hotels and facilities as they were.

"Of course Australian soldiers didn't give a darn about social restrictions. In Alexandria when they'd come to a club where the doorman would say, 'Sorry, men, this is for officers,' they'd laugh and walk right in saying, 'We're Australian.' Once inside, if an officer tried to call them, they'd say, 'Be sweet, soldier boy.'

Australians Play Rough

"If the officers got together and insisted, the Anzacs would go to work and there wouldn't be any club left. It's only lately that the Aussies have started saluting officers. But God! How those men could fight! Mix them up with a bunch of British and they'd tackle anything. That combination is what's holding the Nazis around El Alamein right now."

Miss Douglas was worried about the welfare of the enlisted men.

"For Pete's sake!" she exclaimed. "I hope you can get the kids in the desert something to read. They haven't got a thing. Once in a while you see an old Reader's Digest kicking around or a copy of True Story. The kids get a few hours reprieve when the fighting dies down and they need something to take their minds off the thirst. All they get is half a pint of water a day. They roast in tanks. The temperature goes up to 160 and all they have is that lousy half pint of water for drinking, shaving, bathing, everything.

Hospitals Good

"I've seen them when they came back. Nothing but skin and bones and sand. The damn sand, all the way from Tripoli to Cairo. It seeps into your skin. One pin prick and you're infected. The hospital service is good. Serious cases get flown back to Alexandria and Cairo in ambulance planes.

"How'd I get out of Egypt? It's a long story. Came in the Pan-Am clipper. Had a priority. The fix was in. That's right. There was a guy mixed up in it . . . Where is he now?

"Forget it," she said. "Let's have a drink, soldier."

We did.

Billy Rose Didn't Claim He Keeps 61 Relatives

Billy Rose, little mastermind of the World Fair Aquacade, husband of Eleanor Holm, is in Class 1-A and plenty burned up about it.

He isn't sore about being called by the Army. He tried to enlist before Pearl Harbor. He's mad because the draft board said he claimed 61 employees at his night club as dependents.

"I'm not trying to duck the draft," Rose fumed. "The only dependents I claimed were my wife, two sisters and a couple of poor relatives. We all have those."

WHAT'S YOUR LONGEST DAY'S HIKE?

When your feet are killing you and you're numb as rock from the knees down, write to us about it. Maybe we know a guy who's marched twice as far! Write to YANK, 205 East 42nd Street, New York City.

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JINX—Here's that Falkenberg gal again. This time she's filling in for a drafted life guard at Virginia Beach. Help!

Australia Yanks Seek Old Discs

By PVT. JIM PIERCE
Yank Special Correspondence

AUSTRALIA—I am a member of a radio team here in the wilds of Australia and we use one of our receivers to pick up the U. S. on the short wave. We get it fairly well all depending on weather conditions between here and there.

We sure like to listen to the music of the top bands and wish we could have more of it than we do. We have hooked up an old turntable to one of the sets and we have a few old records we've played so often that we know each scratch on them.

Needling for Needles

Needles are also a problem here as there is no place to buy them. Do you think you can fix it so that we'd get any of the old records and old needles from home? I'm from Norwich, Conn., and we've got men from pretty nearly all over.

We've had one movie here and it was the first movie ever shown in this town and a lot of black natives saw it for the first time in their lives.

We are rationed 2 packs of cigs a day and for those who like beer, one bottle per person is sold each night.

Keep up the good radio work and give us some more of the latest music, please.

In the Groove?—These Guys Were Just Out of This World

WITH THE 1301st SERVICE UNIT, NEW CUMBERLAND—This is a highly implausible story, but it's true, so help us. It's about an intrepid Army tuba player and his courageous fellow "boilermakers" who stuck undauntedly to their concert stations even though their area of support was literally dashed to pieces beneath them.

It all began innocently enough, with the New Cumberland Army Reception Center Band, in concert assembled, giving out for a holiday crowd in one of the local parks. The tuba player, a private, was modestly delivering himself of a series of pear-shaped um-pahs; the first cornetist, a corporal, was tooting away with self-important fervor; and the rest of the band, under the spirited direction of the Regimental Monkey, was, as they say, really rockin.'

Timber and Tumult

Suddenly, the crowd gasped. The wood-structure which supported the musicians was swaying precariously. It hung for a taut moment in the balance, then collapsed in a tumult of splitting timber and sprawling men and horns.

The crowd waited tensely as the noise of cracking lumber subsided.

Slowly, from the wreckage of twisted planks arose the pear-shaped um-pahs of the tuba. The clarinets were pealing forth their trills. In fact, the entire band, save only for the self-approving cornetist, was, incredibly, still playing.

Solid, Boy, Solid!—

The number, slightly disorganized, was nonetheless in due course completed, and subsequent appraisal of the damage revealed that the only casualty had been, of course, our friend with the cornet. His mouthpiece, from motives best known to itself, had taken a solid bite out of his nether lip.

Sometime later, we tried to discover exactly what the boys were playing when the accident occurred, but no one seemed to remember. Finally we found the tuba player, who told us with a waggish smile, "It was a little thing called, 'And The Band Played On'."

"Looks like P.F.C. Laughing Thundercloud must have gotten another letter from home."

Join The New Yank Doodle Contest

A.E.F. Will Hear 'Canteen' Show

"Stage Door Canteen," a new radio show broadcast directly from the famed "canteen" in New York, will be short-waved to the A.E.F. beginning Monday, August 3, from 6:45 to 7:15 A.M., EWT.

Originally planned for the entertainment of 500 uniformed men weekly, the "canteen" has grown so rapidly that it now entertains and feeds 30,000 men each week. A cellar on West 44th Street, it has been visited by more than 400,000 enlisted men since its inception.

The Corn Products Refining Company, which is sponsoring the radio show, is contributing $2,500 weekly to the support of the American Theatre Wing, which fathers canteens in New York City, Philadelphia and Dallas.

First money realized by the Wing will go toward installation of an air conditioning system in the New York "Stage Door Canteen." It's hot as hell down there.

Underseas Boys Get Cheer Through Short Wave Radio

ABOARD U. S. SUBMARINE S-38—This is a note from the crew of a small submarine, busy in her small way of driving the Axis from the seas. It's lonely out here in the Western Pacific (of course we won't be here by the time you get this) out of sight of land or friendly ships and with little to do but sleep or read when off duty. We cruise by ourselves, submerged more often than on the surface.

Every night we hear the reliable voice of KGEI, San Francisco on the seven megacycle band. Sometimes the news is bad—we can take it. At other times we get great cheer and encouragement such as the news of the raids by our fleet.

The Japs realize the importance of these radio newscasts. They have taken the former aero radio station at Manila, using the old call letters KZBQ and are creating deliberate interference on your frequency but without success since we can listen through. Only sure reception from U. S. is between 9 a. m. and 2 a. m.

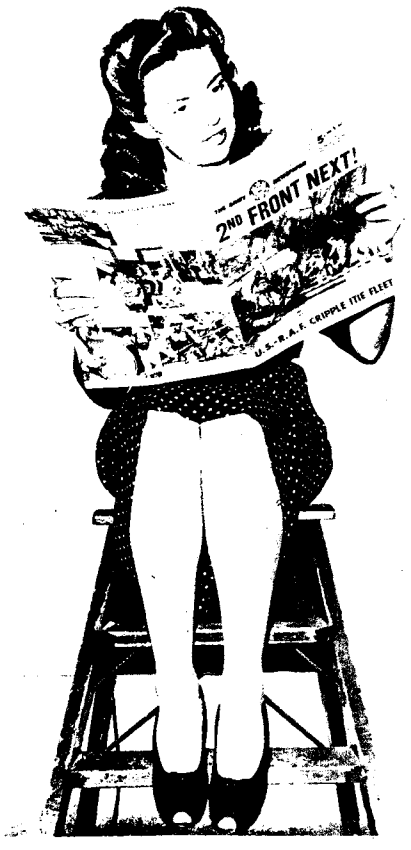
Do you doodle?

Are you one of those guys who used to pencil mustaches on the pretty girls in the mouth wash ads?

Well, here's your chance to cash in on your talent. YANK is sponsoring something called the YANK Doodle Contest.

All you do in this doodle sweepstakes is get out your pencil and fill in the above drawing. That hair looks familiar and inviting. Just let yourself go on the rest of the picture.

Then send the result to our YANK Doodle Contest Editor, Room 422, 205 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y., and you know what? YANK will give free subscriptions to the 100 funniest doodles it receives. So here's a chance to get YANK free for six months. Just go ahead and doodle.



GENTLE READER—Wonder what's that paper Joan Leslie is reading with so much interest? The cover looks sort of familiar. Well, what do you know! Joan must be chummy with some G.I. subscriber.

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Army Plans Great Grid Team

ALL-ARMY FOOTBALL TEAM COACHES—Col. Bob Neyland, the former Tennessee coach, and Major Wallace Wade, who sent all those Duke and Alabama elevens to the Rose Bowl, discuss Army all-star plans. Wade looks worried. Maybe some forward passer is on K.P. for a month.

Neyland, Wade Will Coach G. I. Dream Football Squad in Relief Fund Games

NEW YORK—The Army is going to put out an All-Star football team to end all All-Star football teams, coached by Col. Robert R. Neyland, the former Tennessee mastermind, and Major Wallace Wade of Duke and Alabama Rose Bowl fame.

The squad will number 80 men, hand picked from 1,500 college and pro gridiron stars now in uniform. They'll play the Washington Redskins, Chicago Bears and other professional clubs during September for the benefit of the Army Emergency Relief Fund.

This All-Army football squad will be divided into two sections, one traveling through the West and the other around the East. But it will still be one team and the players will be swapped from one section to the other as Coaches Neyland and Wade see fit.

Million Dollar Goal

The schedule and all arrangements are being handled by Grantland Rice and a special War Football Fund Committee. Rice has set a goal of a million dollars to swell the relief fund for dependents of soldiers.

The coaches will be allowed a free hand in picking their players and the line-up may include officers as well as enlisted men.

Neyland and Wade haven't announced names yet but they will have a staggering wealth of gridiron talent at their disposal. Tom Harmon, John Kimbrough and Whizzer White are all in the Army now.

Other football celebrities now on the Adjutant General's records include Norman Standlee, Ken Kavanaugh and Dick Plasman of the Chicago Bears, Sam Francis, George Cafego, Ben Kish and Waddie Young of the Brooklyn Dodgers, Dave Smukler, Mort Landsberg, Nick Basca of the Philadelphia Eagles, Kayo Lunday and Marion Pugh of the New York Giants.

Tough Schedule

And that isn't even scraping the surface. A committee of 12 coaches, two from each section of the country, will serve as an advisory board to keep Neyland and Wade informed about other stars in the Army.

The schedule will open with the Washington Redskins at the Los Angeles Coliseum, Aug. 30. Then the Army will meet the Chicago Cardinals at Denver, Sept. 6; Detroit Lions at Detroit, Sept. 9; New York Giants at the Polo Grounds, Sept. 12; Green Bay Packers at Milwaukee, Sept. 13; Brooklyn Dodgers at Jersey City, Sept. 16; New York Giants at Syracuse, Sept. 19, and Chicago Bears in Boston, Sept. 20.

Present plans call for the team to be disbanded at the end of September but there are rumors of another game to be played in Los Angeles against an All-Navy eleven.

Whirlaway Wins $50,000 Race, Breaks Seabiscuit's Money Record

BOSTON—Whirlaway, the great four-year-old son of Britain's Blenheim II, is now the all-time record money winner of the American turf.

Setting a new track mark to win the $50,000 added Massachusetts Handicap from a great field at Suffolk Downs, the triple champion of 1941 passed the now retired Seabiscuit in money earnings with a total of $454,336. The Biscuit's track earnings before being placed in stud in 1940 were $437,730.

Runs Great Race

Whirlaway's feat came in his 46th start since he first was raced by owner Warren Wright in 1940. Seabiscuit had accumulated his old record total in 89 races over a six-year period.

"Mr. Long Tail" was a real champion in winning this Suffolk race, described by Trainer Ben Jones as the greatest he ever had run. Making his first start over the Suffolk track in an event which always had been a jinx to favorites, he carried top weight of 130 pounds, eight more than his chief rival, Attention.

Sets Track Record

Jockey Georgie Woolf, who was aboard, kept Whirlaway well back in the field until three furlongs were left in the nine-furlong race. At this point, 11 lengths behind, Whirly put on his famous stretch kick, took the lead in the home stretch and won going away. The time was 1:48 1/5, two-fifths of a second better than the track record.

Whirlaway was shipped to Chicago after the Suffolk race to be readied for his next start, probably the $25,000 added Arlington Handicap at Arlington Park on Aug. 1. Wright is pointing for the $500,000 mark now and with the Saratoga meeting to follow Chicago, Whirlaway appears to be a cinch.

TEXAS LEAGUE

(July 20)

	W.	L.	Pct.		W.	L.	Pct.
Beaumont	56	38	.596	San Antonio	49	48	.505
Ft. Worth	56	43	.566	Tulsa	50	50	.500
Shreveport	53	45	.541	Okla. City	40	59	.449
Houston	49	46	.516	Dallas	36	60	.375

Louis Puts a Little Spice Into Cavalry Social Life

FORT RILEY — Cpl. Joe Louis is no tightwad. When he heard some of his friends in the Cavalry replacement center here complaining about dancing with the same old girls every week, the Brown Bomber dug down, paid $200 to transport new feminine jitterbugs from distant cities and added new interest to service club jam sessions.

Ryder Cup Team Beats Hagen's Challengers, 10-5

DETROIT—Craig Wood's Ryder Cup team defeated Walter Hagen's challengers in the third annual Red Cross challenge matches at Oakland Hills Country Club before record crowds who poured $25,000 into the tills for the relief organization.

Paced by the Texas pair of Ben Hogan and Jimmy Demaret, the Cuppers swept through all five doubles matches in the first day's play and then broke even in ten doubles matches to win by a 10 to 5 score.

Hogan and Demaret, shooting sensational sub par golf, crushed Lawson Little and Harry Cooper by a lop-sided 11 and 10 score. For their 26 holes of play, the Texans were 11 strokes under par. Lloyd Mangrum's 69 against Clayton Heafner of the challengers was the low singles score.

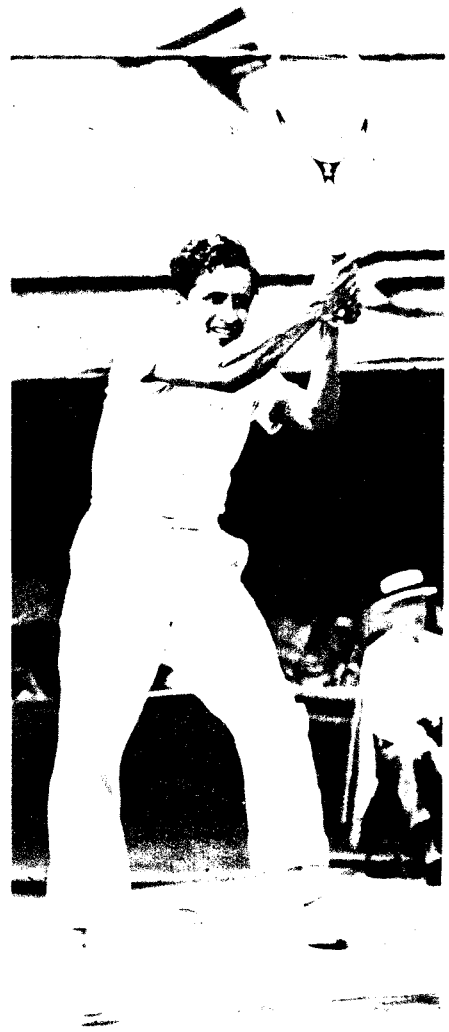
ARMY WINS DUTCH TITLE

WILLEMSTAD, Netherlands West Indies.—A company of U. S. Army troops, mostly from Ohio, won the softball championship of this island. It was the first sports title won by the Americans.

SOUTHERN ASSOCIATION

(July 20)

	W.	L.	Pct.		W.	L.	Pct.
Little Rock	53	42	.558	New Orleans	48	47	.505
Atlanta	56	45	.554	Birmingham	48	50	.490
Nashville	55	45	.550	Chattanooga	45	45	.500
Memphis	50	47	.515	Knoxville	39	63	.382



Segura and his two-fisted grip

South America Sends U. S. New Tennis Star

NEW YORK—Amateur tennis, hard hit when Don Budge, Bobby Riggs and Frankie Kovacs turned pro, has come up with a new and dashing figure who bids fair to make the galleries forget his illustrious predecessors.

Francisco Pancho Segura is his name and he comes from Ecuador. A student of the University of Miami, Segura is a slugging, tireless and sawed-off little human thunderbolt who grips the racket with two hands and hits the ball nearly as hard as a baseball player.

This Ecuadorian has swept all opposition aside on the eastern courts this season and probably will rank as a favorite to win the national amateur at Forest Hills. His latest triumph was a four-set victory over Ted Schroeder, top-ranking amateur now playing in the finals of the eastern clay courts championships at Jackson Heights.

SETS GOLF ENDURANCE MARK

HANNIBAL, Mo. — Twenty-three-year old Bob Howell, who annually goes on a one-man golfing marathon, set a new personal record by shooting 288 holes in a little better than 25 hours. Howell covered 75 miles and took 1,351 strokes, an average of 42 per nine holes. He lost six pounds.

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SPORTS: BASEBALL HAS ITS OWN WAR NEWS WHEN DUROCHER GETS THEM MAD

BY CPL. JOE MCCARTHY

The Brooklyn Dodgers and their manager, Leo Durocher, the Flatbush Flannel Mouth, are beginning to get on the nerves of the rest of the National League. It is bad enough trying to endure the hitting of Reiser and Medwick and the pitching of French and Wyatt, but when Durocher stands up in the dug-out and opens his big yap, the whole thing is too much to bear.

As a matter of fact, it got so bad in Chicago one recent warm afternoon that Hiram Bithorn, the tempestuous Cub hurler from Puerto Rico, just couldn't stand it any longer.

Hiram walked off the mound, picked up the ball, wound up carefully and threw his fast one straight at the Dodgers' bench. It was no accident, either. Hiram was aiming directly at the wide open Flannel Mouth of Mr. Durocher.

Bithorn's Control Weak

The Durocher vocal cords, which mean as much to the Dodgers as those of Lily Pons mean to the Metropolitan Opera House, suffered no damage because Bithorn's aim, in the heat of passion, was somewhat wild and Mickey Owen managed to bat the ball down with his bare hand.

Afterwards, Jimmy Wilson of the Cubs received several wires from other National League managers suggesting that Bithorn should be made to practice Monday, Wednesday and Friday mornings from nine until eleven in order to improve his control.

The National League didn't consider this little incident unusual because practically every pitcher who has faced the Dodgers this year has felt at some time or other like throwing a fast one at the

exasperating Mr. Durocher. Hiram Bithorn merely happened to give in and obey the impulse.

The Flannel Mouth is really inviting trouble. If he doesn't take it a little bit easier on the opposition, Mr. Durocher will have to ask Ford Frick for permission to dig himself a fox hole on the sidelines before each game. And wear a steel helmet to and from his hotel.

Bean-Ball Battle

It wouldn't hurt Loquacious Leo to sit up a few nights with the Infantry Field Manual and Yank Levy's book on guerilla warfare, the way things are going. The newspaper report on the same Chicago game in which Bithorn threw his wild pitch sounds more like a communique from Libya or the Don than a story of a simple baseball game.

Everything was more or less routine, with the Dodgers holding their customary five run lead, until the fourth inning when Lou Novikoff, the Mad Russian, and Jimmy Foxx belted home runs off Kirby Higbe.

Then Durocher went out to the mound for a conference and by some strange coincidence Higbe tried to dust off the next batter, Bill Nicholson, with a low ball that went around behind the box and struck him squarely on the rear echelon.

The Cubs immediately decided that Loose Tongue Leo had ordered the bean ball, which turned out to be a beam ball. Mr. Durocher could not understand why they took that attitude. "Why, I only tried to steady Higbe," he exclaimed innocently.

Casualties Not Serious

Manager Jimmy Wilson promptly sent his most accurate bean-baller, Paul Errickson, to the bull

Leo Durocher and His Open Mouth

pen to warm up and both sides forgot the ball game and spent the rest of the afternoon trying to maim each other.

Casualties were heavy but not serious because the Dodgers lived up to their name very well when Bithorn and Errickson were shooting at them. Billy Herman, for example, took a fast curve around the ears, dropped to the ground avoiding a straight one to the solar plexus and danced out of the way from another curve that grazed his chin. Still he kept his courage under this bombardment and knocked the next pitch into the bleachers for his second homer of the season.

Joe Medwick was lucky to come out alive.

Jimmy Wilson was disappointed because his pitchers, in attempting to bean the Dodgers, forgot frequently that the bases were occupied and allowed several Bums to score on wild throws.

Misses Old Burleigh

"These youngsters today can't throw at a batter without forgetting the ball game," he complained.

"Old Burleigh Grimes was the boy. He could knock them down, but he'd still pitch his ball game."

Everything considered, it was probably the greatest battle fought in this country since Custer's Last Stand and the famous Dizzy Dean feuds with Bill Terry.

Not all the war news will come from overseas as long as Leo Durocher, the Flatbush Flannel Mouth, is making speeches in the National League.

Army and Navy Rule the Ring

NEW YORK—The armed forces are well represented in the quarterly ring ratings of the National Boxing Association.

No fewer than four of the eight recognized champions are wearing the uniforms of Uncle Sam. Listed among contenders and "outstanding" fighters in these ratings are numerous other service men.

Cpl. Joe Louis of the Army naturally tops the heavies as the world's champion. Pvt. Billy Conn, whose broken mitt is all healed, is the leading contender, and Bob Pastor and Lee Savold follow in that order. Melio Bettina and the Navy's Pat Valentine are a step down the ladder as "outstanding" boxers.

Coast Guard Rules 175's

Gus Lesnevich of the Coast Guard is king of the light heavies and ranked as contenders are Billy Soose of the Navy, Jimmy Bivins, Booker Beckwith and Charles Ezzard. "Outstanding" are Ken Overlin and Tommy Tucker, both in the Navy, and England's knockout sensation, Tommy Mills.

Tony Zale, another sailor, is firmly entrenched as middleweight champ. Contenders are Georgie Abrams, Tony Martin and Charley Burley. Then come as "outstanding," Coley Welch of the Coast Guard and Fred Apostoli and Steve Belloise of the Navy.

All branches of the service are up high in the welter division. Sailor Red Cochrane is the champion and contenders are Ray Robinson, California Jackie Wilson of the Army, and Marty Servo of the Coast Guard. Marine Garvey Young is an "outstander." (Note: Young, rated no better than "outstanding," recently trounced Champion Cochrane in an over-the-weight match.)

G.I. Leading Contender

Sgt. Mike Raffa of the Army, leading contender for the NBA feather title of Pittsburgh Jackie Wilson, is the only service man to be recognized in the four lower weight brackets.

Sammy Angott is lightweight champion with Allie Stolz, Bob Montgomery and Tippy Larkin as contenders. Chalky Wright, recognized feather champ in New York is another leading contender and Lulu Costantino is a step below.

Lou Salica remains as bantam king and Little Dado rules the flyweights.

For the first time in the history of the ratings boxers are listed by their service designations instead of by their home states.

Yankee Rosar Wants to Be Cop, Goes AWOL

NEW YORK — Imagine a New York Yankee going over the hill? Well, that's what Catcher Buddy Rosar did when Manager Joe McCarthy wouldn't let him go home to Buffalo and take a civil service exam for the police force. He went A.W.O.L.

"What if I get injured playing baseball?" Rosar explained. "I got to take care of my future security."

Reds Trade Craft For Eric Tipton

CINCINNATI—Seeking to bolster weak-hitting, the Cincinnati Reds have obtained Frank Kelleher of Newark and Eric Tipton of Kansas City, both slugging outfielders, for an unannounced sum of money and three players.

Harry Craft, veteran outfielder, and a bundle of cash went to K. C. for Tipton, the ex-Duke all-American grid star, who has been hitting well over .300. Pitcher Jim Turner, Infielder Jim Abreau and some greenbacks were given to Newark for Kelleher, who has hit 23 homers and batted in 82 runs this season.

PACIFIC COAST LEAGUE

(July 20)

	W.	L.	Pct.		W.	L.	Pct.
Los Angeles	67	39	.632	Seattle	63	52	.505
Sacramento	65	43	.602	Oakland	45	61	.425
San Diego	56	54	.509	Hollywood	47	64	.423
San Francisco	56	54	.509	Portland	41	63	.394

AMERICAN ASSOCIATION

(July 20)

	W.	L.	Pct.		W.	L.	Pct.
Kansas City	54	40	.574	Louisville	46	49	.484
Columbus	50	42	.543	Indianapolis	47	51	.480
Milwaukee	52	45	.536	Toledo	45	52	.464
Minneapolis	50	49	.505	St. Paul	41	57	.418

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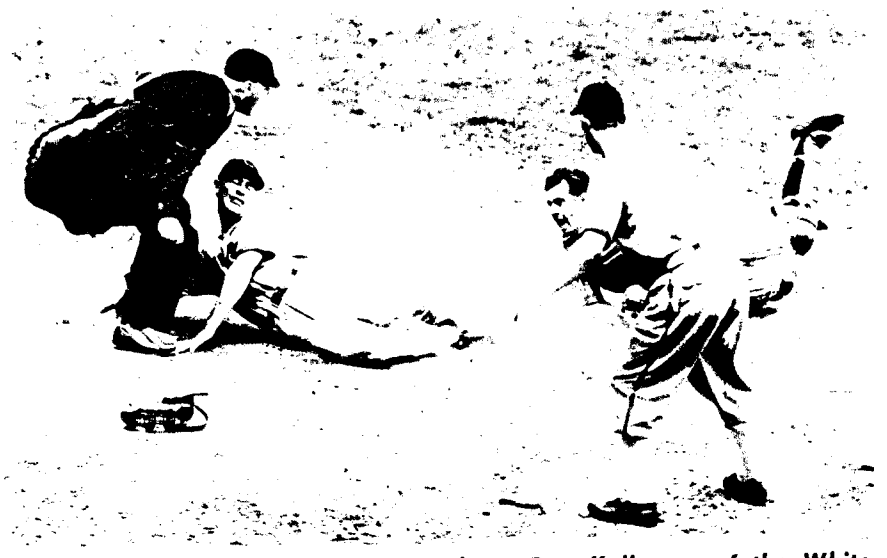
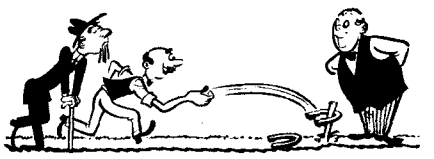
Yanks Snap Back Into Old Form



OUT AT HOME—Buddy Rosar tagged out Don Kolloway of the White Sox in this close play at the plate in Yankee Stadium, although team mate Joe Kuhel tried to call him safe.

HOME TOWN SPORT NEWS



PHILADELPHIA — A 40-foot putt on the home hole enabled Bud Lewis of Tredyffrin Country Club to win the Philadelphia Open with a 36-hole score of 69—67—136. Lew Worsham of Washington was second with 137. Cpl. Ad Oliver and Sgt. Jim Turnesa of Fort Dix had 144 and 147, respectively.

CHICAGO*—Don Walters, promising Illini soph gridster, has enlisted in the Navy. . . . Jimmy Dykes, Jr., is seeking admission to the Army Air Corps. . . . Bob Wilson, son of Cub manager, Jimmy, suffered a broken arm when struck by a line drive of Jimmy Foxx's in batting practice before a game.*

CLEVELAND—Johnny Drake, for five years the star halfback of Cleveland Rams, has announced retirement from the game. He is devoting his full time to work in a local airplane parts factory. . . . Mayor Lausche banned all passes for free golf on city's three municipal courses. Exceptions are service men in uniform. . . . Catcher Gene Desautels of Indians, who has been out of the lineup for two months with a broken leg, has been giving Saturday morning instruction on baseball to Class F youngsters at Brookside Park.

DENVER **— Elinor Jones, New Mexico State women's golf champion, has been barred from competing in Colorado Women's Meet here. Officials said she had made no local club affiliation since moving to Denver. . . . Ralph Vranesic won Public Links "Swing for Victory" medal tourney with 76—66—142. . . . George Anderson's home run paced Public Service to a 9 to 3 win over Gasmen for first round title in City Park Softball League.**

AKRON—Herman Keiser shot a record 134 to win fifth annual Poland Country Club Open. . . . Bob Fritz, southpaw hurler for Akron Bees, tossed a farewell victory for his mates over Spicer Cubs in Class A baseball before joining Navy. . . . Babe Smiraldo hurled a 5 to 0 nohitter over Chop Housers in city softball.

LOS ANGELES*—L. L. McKenzie tossed the javelin 263 feet 2½ inches in a meet at Rancho Playground, bettering by nearly ten feet the existing world record of Matti Jarvinen of Finland.*

LOUISVILLE — The Colonels are dickering with San Diego of the Coast League for the services of Stanley Sperry, second baseman. . . . Guy Coleman pitched the Kernen Boys to an 8 to 0 decision over the Gordon nine. . . . Frankie Lintz, veteran bowling proprietor, has taken over the new Parkmoor Recreation Center.

INDIANAPOLIS **— Milt Galatzer, popular centerfielder, has signed up with the Army for the duration. . . . Russ Oliver, coach of football, basketball and baseball at Culver Academy, has been called to active duty at Camp Edwards, Mass.**

LEAGUE LEADERS

(As of July 20)

BATTERS

AMERICAN LEAGUE

Player and Club	G.	AB.	R.	H.	PC.
Gordon, New York	82	302	39	104	.344
Williams, Boston	85	297	75	100	.337
Doerr, Boston	77	303	38	101	.333
Pesky, Boston	82	338	55	111	.328
Spence, Washington	88	366	55	116	.317

NATIONAL LEAGUE

Player and Club	G.	AB.	R.	H.	PC.
Reiser, Brooklyn	77	300	64	105	.350
Lombardi, Boston	68	197	22	68	.345
Medwick, Brooklyn	82	320	45	106	.331
Musial, St. Louis	74	246	53	80	.325
Fletcher, Pittsburgh	80	273	53	85	.312

HOME-RUN HITTERS

AMERICAN LEAGUE

Williams, Boston . . . 19 | DiMaggio, N. Y. . . . 14
Laabs, St. Louis . 17 | York, Detroit . . . 14

NATIONAL LEAGUE

Mize, New York . . . 17 | Ott, New York . . . 12
Camilli, Brooklyn . . 13

RUNS BATTED IN

AMERICAN LEAGUE

Williams, Boston . . . 88 | Laabs, St. Louis . . . 64
DiMaggio, N. Y. . . . 64

NATIONAL LEAGUE

Mize, New York . . . 70 | Elliott, Pittsburgh . . 60
Medwick, Brooklyn 62 | F. McCormick, Cin. . 60

Rolfe Returns to Lead Bombers Toward American League Flag

NEW YORK—The Bronx Bombers are rolling again. Not just on a few cylinders, but on all nine. Great pitching, heavy hitting and airtight fielding are theirs once more and putting them all together spelled a winning streak of nine games during the third week of July.

The Yankees picked up six full games on the Red Sox in this period to lead their Beantown rivals by ten games.

Red Rolfe, aging in years and ailing with colitis, picked himself off the bench and took his old post at the hot corner for the first time this season to spark the drive. The redhead pounded out five home runs in the week, three of them game savers, and showed much of his old dash in the field.

DiMaggio Snaps Back

The rest of the Bombers, needing just such a needle, joined Rolfe in old-time style. Joe DiMaggio, fresh out of the worst slump of his career, extended his hitting streak to 17 straight games, modest compared to his record-smashing 56 of last year, but heartening to himself and Manager Joe McCarthy.

Charlie Keller, Tommy Henrich, Joe Gordon and even little Phil Rizzuto followed the veteran in the spree.

On the mound, shutouts were registered by Hank Borowy, Atley Donald and Charlie Ruffing, while Lefty Gomez, Spud Chandler and Ernie Bonham turned in other masterpieces.

With Bill Dickey on the sidelines again with his strained shoulder McCarthy picked up Rollie Hemsley, released by the Cincinnati Reds, as catching insurance for the stretch race

Browns Get Hot

The battle in the American League now appears to be for second place. Boston leads the Indians by a mere game after dropping a doubleheader to the Tribe to climax a week of reverses.

In fourth place, four games behind Cleveland and five behind Boston, are the surprising St. Louis Browns, hepped up by Manager Luke Sewell and the big bat of Chet Laabs.

The Browns won ten of 11 games from Washington, Boston and Philadelphia, including a stretch of eight in a row to pass the Detroit Tigers into the first division.

Laabs was the big noise in this streak, hitting six home runs and batting in 17 runs in six games. His sensational outburst put him up with the league leaders in home runs with 17 and in runs batted in with 62.

Dodgers Still Lead

In the National League, the Dodgers swept through Pittsburgh, Cincinnati and Chicago with seven victories in nine games, but bumped into trouble at St. Louis where they were bested in three out of four games by the Cardinals. The Dodgers still lead by six full games over the Cards, and as long as they continue to beat the other teams, St. Louis can't overcome that handicap by itself.

The Reds, who couldn't win at home, are 14 games behind first, with the Giants breathing hard on them another game and a half to the rear.

Swede Sets Three New World Records

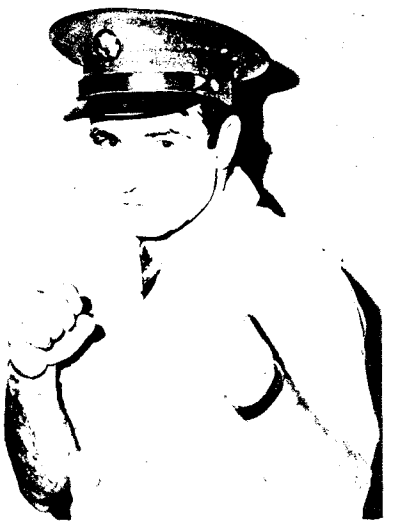
STOCKHOLM—Don't look now but that Swedish runner, Gundar Haegg, has gone and broken another world record.

It's getting so that Haegg doesn't let a day go by without smashing some kind of a mark. This time, it is reported, he lowered Jack Lovelace's accepted 3:47.8 for the 1500 meters down to 3:45.8.

If the Swedish stop watches are not screwy, Haegg has acomplished the unbelievable feat of breaking three world records in three weeks.

First he ran the mile in 4:06.2 July 2, bettering Sidney Wooderson's record for the distance and then, two days later, he ran the two miles in 8:47.8 to slice the former mark held by Taisto Maki of Finland. And now a new record for the 1500 meters, too.

At this rate, he ought to break the existing marks for the half mile, 100 yard dash and perhaps the 26 mile marathon before the summer is over.



LET ME AT 'EM—Melio Bettina, the tough contender for Cpl. Joe Louis' crown who used to be the light heavy champ, lifts his dukes to challenge Hitler and Hirohito after being inducted into the Army at Albany, N. Y.

MAJOR LEAGUE STANDINGS (AS OF JULY 20)

(YANK'S big circulation forces it to press a week before publication date and therefore readers in the U.S. will find these standings old stuff. They are printed for men overseas who never get daily sport news and are glad to see how the leagues are doing, even if figures are not up to the minute.)

AMERICAN LEAGUE

	New York	Boston	Cleveland	St. Louis	Detroit	Chicago	Philadelphia	Washington	Won	Lost	Percentage	Games behind
New York	—	7	9	9	7	12	8	9	61	28	.685	—
Boston	4	—	7	6	10	8	6	9	50	37	.575	10
Cleveland	5	5	—	6	5	8	13	9	51	40	.560	11
St. Louis	4	6	6	—	5	8	10	8	47	44	.516	15
Detroit	7	4	8	7	—	6	8	6	46	47	.495	17
Chicago	3	5	3	4	5	—	7	9	36	51	.414	24
Phila.	4	6	4	5	7	5	—	6	37	59	.385	27½
Wash'ton	1	4	3	7	8	4	7	—	34	56	.378	27½
Lost	28	37	40	44	47	51	59	56	—	—		

NATIONAL LEAGUE

	Brooklyn	St. Louis	Cincinnati	New York	Pittsburgh	Chicago	Boston	Philadelphia	Won	Lost	Percentage	Games behind
Brooklyn	—	6	11	6	7	12	9	10	61	27	.693	—
St. Louis	7	—	5	11	6	8	8	9	54	32	.628	6
Cincinnati	5	6	—	4	8	4	12	8	47	41	.534	14
New York	5	4	9	—	8	7	7	6	46	43	.517	15½
Pittsburgh	3	4	3	7	—	5	9	10	41	44	.482	18½
Chicago	3	4	6	7	7	—	7	10	44	48	.478	19
Boston	2	5	2	5	4	9	—	10	37	56	.398	26½
Phila.	2	3	5	3	4	3	4	—	24	63	.276	36½
Lost	27	32	41	43	44	48	56	63	—	—		

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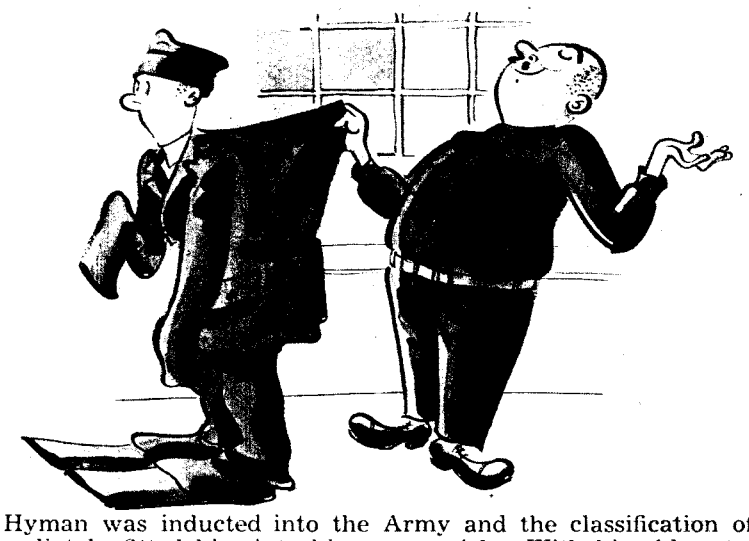
"We Did It Here—"

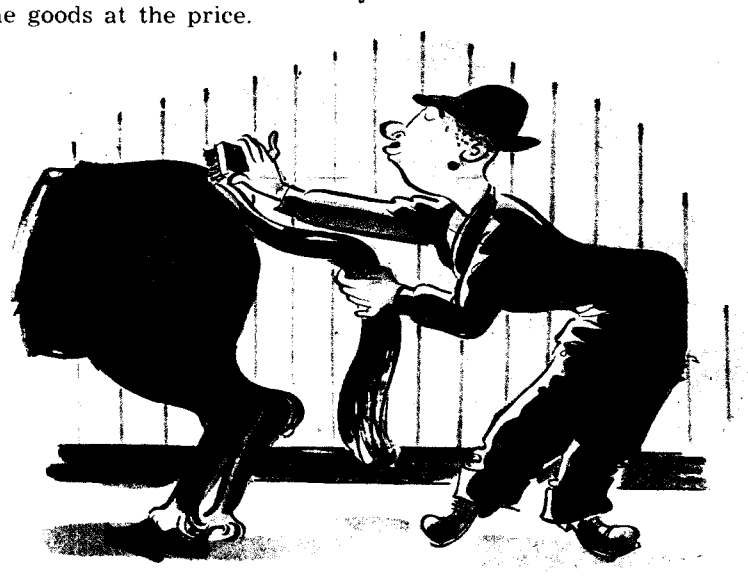
Oh, what a debt of gratitude we owe to the classification office that put us where we are today! Let us look upon their handiwork, that we may truly know their greatness, even as Sgt. Stein who drew them.

Gentlemen, meet Hyman O'Shaughnessy. Hyman, meet the boys. Hyman here is a monument to the thoughtful efficiency of the classification department. As a mere civilian, Hyman improved each shining hour by making the world the best-dressed place to live in. The goods he sold, his own brother couldn't get at that price.

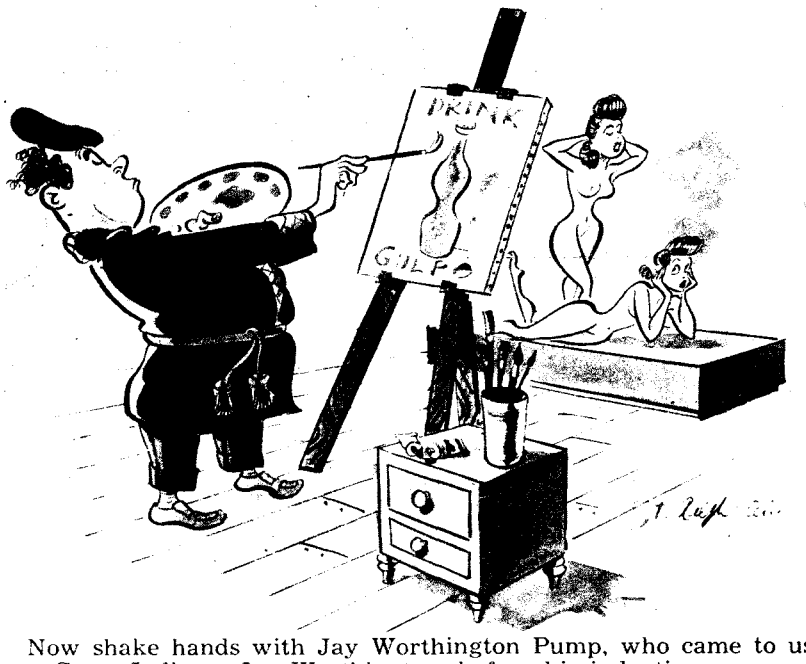


Hyman was inducted into the Army and the classification office immediately fitted him into his proper niche. With his old taste, he picks up the drooped spirits of the newly recruited by placing upon their frames the cream of the Army's ready-to-wear. When Hyman fits a man now, he isn't throwing just any old sack at him. He is fitting the man into THE suit for THE job. His own brother still couldn't get the goods at the price.

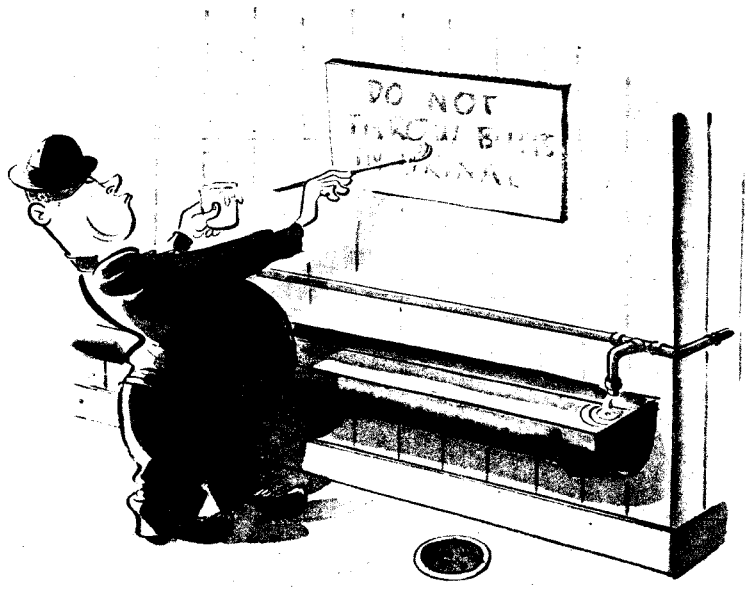
Commendatore Goldblatt, may we come in? Monsieur Goldblatt, in the old days of quiet and langorous living, was the most gifted coiffeur in Augusta, Georgia. That means he fixed hair. The silken splendor of woman's crowning glory was brought to its highest perfection, to its most magnificent radiance, under the gentle and dexterous fingers of Commendatore Goldblatt.



Now, happy man, he brings his deft touch to the hoss cavalry. The artistic sensitivity that brought Augusta's womanhood to his feet now brings the crowning glory of man's best friend before his face. Where is there woman more exacting than the Old Man when he reviews his outfit? Commendatore Goldblatt, like all of the Army, has found his niche. And God bless the classification office!



Now shake hands with Jay Worthington Pump, who came to us from Gary, Indiana. Jay Worthington, before his induction, was one of the most promising artists ever known in Gary. A master of anatomy, a killer-diller in water color, Jay Worthington was on the threshold of greater things, of national recognition, of a paying job in Chicago when his letter came from the President.



Jay Worthington Pump's genius was not buried in the great masses of the Army; neither was he hidden behind the lanyard of a 250mm. Howitzer to keep his greatness from a waiting world. The massive grandeur of the art of Jay Worthington Pump now serves the needs of his regiment. No grass is walked upon, no butts are thrown into the urinal. Jay Worthington Pump lends his genius effort.

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